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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

A NEW and fiercer offensive against Madrid is in progress as we write. The rebel army has been reinforced by a strong contingent of Italians (the *Times* Madrid correspondent says it is estimated at 15,000 men), and heavy artillery, tanks and armoured cars are all engaged in the battle round Guadalajara. The defenders are, in fact, being put to the severest test they have yet had to prevent the cutting of the roads to the coast and the complete encirclement of the city. Meanwhile the Non-Intervention Committee has been struggling to get its "supervision" scheme into operation. The difficulty raised by Germany's reluctance to pay her share of the cost has now been got over and, unless some fresh hitch occurs, the scheme should come into force within a day or two. There are many who, no doubt, honestly believe that it will be effective in stopping any further influx of volunteers and munitions. The Spanish loyalists are naturally far less happy about it, and their delegates at the International Labour Conference in London this week have appealed for the abandonment of the non-intervention policy by the democratic Governments. But their appeal falls on deaf ears in Paris and Madrid as well as in London.

The Volunteers in Spain

What hope is there of the further step of withdrawing all the foreign volunteers who are now fighting in Spain? That, if it could be carried out, would almost certainly put the Republican Government in a winning position—which is the main reason why it is unlikely to be agreed to by the Powers. It would clearly present practical and technical difficulties, and it would also be held up by diplomatic tricks. Italy, indeed, according to an account published recently in the French weekly journal, *La Lumière*, has already taken an ingenious and elaborate precaution. The Italian volunteer, we are told, is given a Spanish passport as soon as he embarks, and from that moment he becomes a subject of the "National Government" of Burgos, in the eyes of the law as laid down or interpreted by Franco and Mussolini. Thus, if ever an agreement were reached for the withdrawal of foreigners fighting in Spain, Italy would blandly declare that none of her nationals are concerned; they are all Spaniards.

Dr. Schuschnigg in Difficulties

To play the part of strong-man dictator in a weak country is a delicate business. Three weeks ago Dr. Schuschnigg was told by Baron von Neurath that Hitler vetoed the restoration of Habsburg rule in Austria. The Chancellor listened politely, but declined to make any promises. Had he not been assured privately by Mussolini that Italy would regard restoration as Austria's own affair? Judge then his disillusionment when Baron von Neurath's return to Berlin was signalised by an anti-Otto campaign in the Italian press. "Restoration in Austria," wrote Signor Gayda, the Duce's chief spokesman, "would compromise Austria's independence, because it would create a tense situation in Europe"—a euphemism for invasion of Austria by German troops. Whether or not Austria has been allocated to Germany in exchange for Spain as part of an Italo-German pact, it looks as if Dr. Schuschnigg will get scant support from Italy in his efforts to defend his country against Nazi encroachment. His one chance now would be to conciliate the Austrian Social Democrats and draw closer to the Government of M. Blum. But can the authoritarian dictator turn himself into a democrat over-night? And, even if Trade Union and other lost liberties in Austria were restored, would the Austrian Socialists rally to the Legitimist cause? The Duce would [illegible] to have put Dr. Schuschnigg effectively "on the [illegible]".

M. Blum's Loan

M. Blum got a record majority in the Chamber of Deputies for his Loan Bill, only the Marin group of Right-wing deputies voting against him. But in order to achieve this near approach to unanimity, he has had to give something away. He has been compelled to abandon the attempt to secure surrender of gold at its pre-devaluation value in francs and to promise those who did so surrender it their money back. He has had to remove the control from internal gold dealings and the special taxes on gold and exchange profits. He has pledged his Government against exchange control, and against extending the existing programme of the Front Populaire without prior consultation with the constituent parties. And finally he has had to issue the new loans with an exchange option clause which guarantees the holders against the effects of further depreciation, unless it applies to pounds and dollars as well as to francs. The magnitude of these concessions well illustrates the continued power of the financial interests in French affairs. In effect, French capital has been on strike, and much of it has been held abroad by owners who refused to return it to work without full guarantees. Much of the capital so far withheld is now expected to be brought back; and this should enable economic recovery to be speeded up. But clearly the Front Populaire is still a long way off the realisation of its declared intention of putting down the mighty "Two Hundred Families" from their seats of financial power.

The National Accounts

The Estimates of the spending Departments are now published in full; we know the approximate amount of the bill which Mr. Chamberlain must meet from next year's Budget. The cost, as at present estimated, of the Civil services and the Revenue Departments, will be £422,000,000, and that of Defence £278,000,000. Add, say, £235,000,000, for the National Debt and miscellaneous Consolidated Fund items, and total outgoings will amount to £935,000,000. If, as seems probable and is certainly dictated by prudence, the Chancellor makes provision in advance for £15,000,000 of contingencies, the 1937-38 Budget will have to balance (including sums borrowed) at £950,000,000. Against this expenditure Mr. Chamberlain can rely on the previous year's revenue—say, £800,000,000—brought up to £830,000,000 by the accretion of the now merged Road Fund receipts and a full year's benefit of last April's tax increases. Without undue optimism he may count on £25,000,000 additional "recovery" increment from existing taxes. If he gathers in another £15,000,000 by revising income tax from 4*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.*, his job is done. With the £80,000,000 "loan expenditure," as indicated in the Estimates, deducted from the gross total, a balance is struck.

Untimely Borrowing

But though he may thus succeed in balancing his Budget without unduly disturbing the banking accounts of his Party's friends, the Chancellor will stand condemned by every standard of economic common sense. In a year of incipient boom he proposes apparently—unless his idea is to budget for a huge surplus to carry forward to 1938–39—to make tax increases negligible. Having obtained leave to borrow £400,000,000 in five years—of which the last three may well be years of receding prosperity—he intends to borrow one-fifth of his total allocation in a year in which loans should clearly be kept to a minimum, in order that ampler borrowing might be held in reserve as a counter-stimulus to probable trade recession. We have never joined in the cry that rearmament should be financed exclusively out of tax revenue; such a course, in our view, would be impracticable on the basis of the expenditure contemplated. But the proportion of the increased Defence expenditure to be covered by borrowing in 1937–38 is wantonly excessive. The forthcoming Budget may relieve the apprehensions of the income-tax payer; but it will be, so far as can be judged to-day, a Budget of financial profligacy.

Our Parliamentary Procedure

The disorders in the House of Commons during the debate on the financial resolution preceding the Special Areas Bill are not surprising; the resolution was admittedly so drafted as to make amendments practically impossible, and thus seriously to limit the scope of the debate. The Labour Party attempted by an attack on the Standing Order regulating procedure, and on the use made of it by the Government, to secure the right to move amendments; but Mr. Baldwin stuck to the contention that the Government must have the sole right to propose expenditure to the House, and that, on this ground, the amendments desired by the Labour Party were inadmissible. The point at issue has naturally arisen on many previous occasions; but the manifest inadequacy of the power proposed in the resolution—which, of course, governs what may be moved when the Bill itself comes under debate—gave the Labour objections very special force. Nor can it be denied that there has been a growing practice of drafting financial resolutions so tightly as to

prevent the Opposition from bringing up reasoned proposals. The whole question, like many others of House of Commons procedure, clearly needs to be gone into afresh; and we hope the Labour Party will not let the matter drop, but will take up energetically an issue which concerns both the rights of the private member and the powers of the Opposition effectively to present its case to the public.

Compensation for Royalty-owners

There is to be a tribunal of three to assess the compensation payable to the owners of coal royalties. This announcement follows the breakdown of the negotiations between the Government and the owners, who are said to have stuck at a price far above what the Government are prepared to pay. The tribunal, consisting of two judges and a distinguished accountant, will value the property on the basis of sale in the open market by a willing seller, and the owners will be bound in advance to accept the award. The Government reserve their right not to complete the purchase, but also apparently pledge themselves not to impose alternative terms by legislation without the agreement of the Mineral Owners' Committee. Under these conditions the owners seem well assured of getting their full pound of flesh; and they may reasonably regard themselves as lucky to be given the chance of getting out on such terms, and thus permanently acquiring a right to income which might well be open to challenge by a Government less favourable to the claims of property. How soon the tribunal will report, or the consequent legislation become law, no one can yet say. Assuredly the Government seem to be in no hurry to carry through even this tiny instalment of coal reorganisation—or why should they not have passed their Bill at once, and set up under it a compensation tribunal with full statutory powers?

The Haves and the Have-nots

The League of Nations Committee on Raw Materials began its inquiry this week. The Committee consists officially, not of Government representatives, but of experts; but it was noticeable that, in the opening discussions, each expert tended to speak mainly from the standpoint of his own country. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross complained that the preliminary documents prepared by the League officials dealt exclusively with industrial materials and ignored foodstuffs, which had equally to be considered. The Japanese expert raised the inevitable question of freedom of migration; the American talked about the need for a response in Europe to Mr. Cordell Hull's attempts to relax tariff and other obstacles in the way of foreign trade; and the Polish expert dwelt on the difficulties of getting foreign exchange for the purchase of imports. Both Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and Sir Henry Strakosch emphasised the point that countries have no right to complain if their voluntary adoption of policies of "autarkie" and currency regulation makes it difficult for them to buy imports; and it was added that States cannot be expected to be eager to help other States which use any facilities given them for intensifying their preparations for war. In general, the proceedings of the Committee have opened with a confusion of views, from which it will not be at all easy for any agreed constructive policy to emerge.

County Council Elections

The result of the London County Council elections is highly satisfactory. It is at once a tribute to Mr. Morrison's leadership and policy, to the quality of the Party organisation in the constituencies, and to the good sense of the electorate, who refused to be scared by the Red bogy or by fears for their pockets. Labour has not merely held its majority, but increased it by a net gain of six seats. Fascist candidates got a few thousand votes in East End boroughs, where anti-Semitic propaganda has been worked hard. But neither they, nor any of the remnant of old Liberals or of the Simonites standing under the new label of "Municipal Progressives," came near to winning a seat. The percentage voting in the County was 42.6; this, though still far lower than it ought to be, shows a marked improvement on the figure (33.5 per cent.) at the previous election. Labour's total poll went up by 31 per cent., the Municipal Reformers' by 28 per cent. We have not before us at the time of writing the full results in the provinces. It is clear, however, that Labour has on the whole done well. In the main strongholds in the industrial counties—Durham, Glamorganshire, Monmouthshire—its big majorities are maintained. Elsewhere, as in Northumberland, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, and even in several rural counties such as Gloucestershire and East Suffolk, net gains were recorded. In general, while social and economic conditions remain what they are, Labour has an uphill task in the counties.

Traffic in Horses

If there is one aspect of human affairs in which "economic nationalism" is pardonable, it is surely that relating to the export of age-worn horses. Under the Exportation of Horses Act, 1924, the shipment of horses abroad is prohibited unless, in the opinion of a Government veterinary inspector, the horse sold abroad can travel without cruelty and work thereafter without suffering. Work—but for how long, and at what age? The opponents of Mr. Radford's Bill, whose second reading was secured last Friday without a division, contended that advocacy of further reform on this subject was "hysterical rubbish." They err. It is beside the point to argue that inspection at British ports, within the limitations of the 1914 Act, may be impeccable; it is equally irrelevant to urge that foreigners are not necessarily cruel to animals. The fact remains that, as the law now stands, horses grown old in service on English roads and fields may legally be exported (with the previsoes stated) and be forced to work for foreign owners, less subject to State inspection and in some cases apt to lack humanity, until they drop dead beneath their burdens. Even if one such case alone were proved—and there are more than one—the case for strengthening the existing Act would be irresistible. The trade in live horses (a handful of "show" beasts and costly stallions apart) is economically of no importance. Mr. Radford's Bill, providing that no horse over eight years old or valued at less than £25 should be sold to a foreign buyer, is the minimum of justice to the horse if English "sportsmanship" means anything at all.

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LABOUR'S SHORT PROGRAMME

HARD on the heels of Mr. Morrison's victory in London comes the promised " Short Programme " of the Labour Party, to tell us what the party would set out to do if it became the Government of Great Britain as well as of England's capital city. A previous pronouncement, *For Socialism and Peace*, was by admission not so much a political programme as a statement of aims, including far more than even the most energetic Government could hope to carry through in the lifetime of a single Parliament. There arose a demand for a shorter document, less embracing and more precise, that should set out not Labour's aspirations, but rather its positive intentions in the event of its recall to power. Such a programme, it was held, should embody, not a confession of Socialist faith, but a brief list of immediately practicable measures to remedy the most pressing grievances and to advance the party a stage along the road towards its Socialist goal.

The result is a list extensive enough to keep a Labour Government busy for five years. It is proposed, among other things, to abolish the Means Test and provide " proper maintenance " for the unemployed, to introduce voluntary retiring pensions for workers at an unspecified age, to apply the forty-hour week subject to necessary adaptations in particular industries, to make holidays with pay a statutory right, and to raise the school-leaving age in all cases to fifteen, and as soon as may be to sixteen, with provision for maintenance allowances.

These are measures of immediate amelioration, to be financed, with other developments of the social services, by taxation so imposed as to promote a more equal distribution of wealth. In addition, the Labour Party proposes to socialise the Bank of England and establish a National Investment Board, and to use these instruments to secure control over financial policy and the location of industry, with special reference to restoring production in the depressed areas. The joint stock banks are not mentioned ; presumably the intention is to let them alone, in the belief that they can be effectively controlled through the Bank of England. There are also to be special measures to check unwarrantable speculation and manipulation of the joint stock company type.

Mines, with their associated by-product industries, are to be socialised outright. So are railways ; and all forms of transport are to be brought under the co-ordinating authority of a National Transport Board, with power to socialise other branches of transport in addition to the railways. Gas and electricity services are to be brought under public ownership, and public authorities are to be empowered to acquire any land they may need " without delay and at a reasonable price." A " fair price " will be paid for all property transferred to public ownership. There will be no confiscation or injustice to individuals.

The land, except that needed for public use, will not be socialised, but power will be taken to control its use. The small householder and owner are promised that they will be left undisturbed. The home food producer is to be assured of a fair price for his produce, while the consumer is promised that a plentiful supply of food will be made available to all. There is a more specific pledge of improved nutrition for children and for expectant and nursing mothers " through the social services," i.e., presumably on the lines of the Milk in Schools Scheme. Trade Unions are to receive the Government's help in raising wages ; and a fair wage is to be regarded as a first charge both on the socialised industries and on the land, and to be made a condition of any help given to any industry. Finally, there is a plain declaration that the gold standard will not be restored.

The programme, after disposing of domestic policy, approaches the trickier ground of international affairs. The pledge to work for collective security and the restoration of the League is reaffirmed, and to it is added the demand for an International Air Police Force and the internationalisation of civil aviation. On armaments, the party " will unhesitatingly maintain such armed forces as are necessary to defend our country and to fulfil our obligations as a member of the British Commonwealth and of the League of Nations." The armed forces are to be co-ordinated under a Minister of Defence, and democratised so as to make promotion to commissioned rank open to all, on grounds of merit alone. Curiously enough, the phrase just quoted about the British Commonwealth is the only reference to the Empire in the entire programme. There is nothing about our African colonies, nothing about India, and nothing about the Ottawa Agreements. Nor is there from beginning to end a word about the tariff question, or the promotion of greater freedom of international trade. Yet these are hardly matters about which the Labour Party can expect to do nothing of substance during five years of office.

This summary makes no pretence of completeness ; but it indicates the general character of the programme which the Labour Party is offering to the country. Inevitably it provokes comparison with the " Unity Manifesto " issued a few weeks ago by Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Pollitt, Mr. Maxton and their several followers. The two documents are not indeed quite on all fours ; for the Manifesto was not a programme for a Government in office, but a platform for an immediate campaign of agitation, and it therefore covered certain matters which lie outside the scope of the Labour Party's pronouncement. When allowance is made for this, there is a good deal of similarity between the two. The abolition of the Means Test and the introduction of the forty-hour week and of holidays with pay are common ground. About pensions and wages the Unity Manifesto goes much farther than the official programme ; but whereas the Manifesto proposes for socialisation only the mines, the Labour Party adds the railways and the Bank of England, and also power to take over factories making munitions of war. Both documents demand control of speculation, power to acquire land, and extensive rehousing.

The chief difference arises over armaments. Of rearmament, as such, the Labour Party says nothing, simply pledging a Labour Government to provide adequate defence. The Manifesto, on the other hand, declares " implacable opposition to the rearmament and recruiting programme of the present Government," but makes no statement of its supporters' policy towards a Government of a different colour. With this goes the fact that, whereas the Labour Party merely supports the League and collective security, the Manifesto calls for " a pact between Great Britain, the Soviet Union, France, and all other States in which the working class have political freedom."

Though the two documents are not dealing with the international issues from the same angle, it is plain that there are in this field far-reaching differences of opinion. On home policy the lines of advance are for the most part clear enough, so that much the same programme would emerge from any body of Socialist draftsmen, with only secondary differences about the priority of this or that measure. But over foreign affairs there is a wide gap between the Left's desire for a pact to defend Socialism and democracy against Fascism, and the Labour Right's unwillingness to commit itself to any sort of Communist alliance. This, far more than any matter of domestic policy, really holds the rival factions of the working-class movement apart.

In general, the programme is a workmanlike attempt, so far as domestic issues are concerned, to extract the immediate objectives from the medley of projects embodied in *For Socialism and Peace*. As such, it is calculated to gain the support, not only of the Labour Movement in general, but of a considerable body of Left-wing Liberals. But it is hardly, even now, a short programme in the sense desired by many of those who called upon the Labour Party to supply one. It is still very far from supplying the party workers with a few simple rallying cries which they can use in their appeals to the country. For any such purpose, even the shortened programme includes too much; each of its main points is not so much one point as a whole group brought together under a single heading. The result is a lack of emphasis on any one thing, and therewith a lack of fighting quality in the programme as a whole.

This is not incapable of being remedied, if Transport House has the will to remedy it. If an effective appeal is to be made to the electors, the new short programme needs to be further reduced to something more nearly akin to a set of slogans which the ordinary elector will remember, and think he understands. It may be that the Labour Party Executive have it in mind to advance to this further stage of simplification; and we hope they have. For the new programme is in some danger of falling between two stools—of being neither a reasoned statement of policy nor a simple appeal to the masses.

M. BLUM'S NEP

No, it is not quite that. But it is what the chuckling critics of the Blum Government call it. They also call it Canossa, a surrender, and a climb-down, and, to add insult to injury, they compare M. Blum to Mr. MacDonald. That is even more untrue. At no moment, despite all the wild rumours on the Bourse (which were a boon to the speculator), did M. Blum think of forming a "National Government," with MM. Flandin and Reynaud adorning the Government bench. In his speech on February 26th he declared that there could be only one National Government in France, and that was the Front Populaire Government, chosen by the French people; any extension of the Government's majority towards the Right would be contrary to the will of the electorate. If the Right believed that the Front Populaire Government had not got the nation behind it, he (Blum) was perfectly prepared to have an election; but he would not reconstruct the Government under financial pressure. The Right said no more; for they knew that they could gain nothing from a General Election.

Nevertheless, during that financial debate ten days ago, everybody at the Chamber was impressed (pleasantly or unpleasantly) by the extraordinary air of self-assurance with which the Opposition behaved throughout the discussion. "Ha, ha, we've got you this time!" seemed to be written on every face on the Right and Centre; and in answering their interpellations Blum was visibly tired and worried. Not that all the criticisms made by the Opposition were justified. Flandin dismissed the alleged economic recovery as a pure delusion—which was obviously untrue; and his reference to the "sordid materialism" which, he said, was being encouraged among the French people by the Front Populaire Government produced a genuine howl of joy from the Left, which made the opulent gentleman on the platform look rather silly. Even so, the cumulative effect of the Opposition speeches that day, with their prophecies of disaster and catastrophe, was considerable; and what perhaps impressed the public most was the statement by Fernand Laurent that France was steadily losing ten million pounds of gold a week—a statement which Vincent Auriol, the Finance Minister, denied in a manner that was both awkward and ambiguous. Although the Bank of France has not lately been publishing details about its gold reserve, it was clear that this reserve had fallen, and was continuing to fall, well below the "war-chest" limit of 50 milliard "Poincaré" francs set by the General Staff.

Blum, in his speech that day, did not deny it. But he warned "capital" not to persist in their wrecking policy; for if the Front Populaire Government were to go under as a result of the financial crisis, "capital" might get more than it was bargaining for. The Front Populaire Government, the emanation of the people's will, he said,

> was in a better position than any other to maintain the morale and the patriotism of the masses, to preserve law and order, and to deal with labour disputes; its overthrow, by non-parliamentary means, would be a terrible blow both to democracy and to France's international standing, for it might open a period of great internal confusion.

He ended on a note of warning: he did not like to think of the measures to which the Government might be compelled to resort if the wrecking tactics of "capital" continued. What this meant was that if the Government found itself obliged to resort to exchange control and other forms of constraint, "capital" would have itself to blame.

The speech did not have the desired effect. The Bourse slumped heavily, and the pressure on the franc continued. That big capital was trying to torpedo the Government is true enough; but it is also true that "small capital," impressed by the Opposition speeches, was running away as fast as it could. Whole trunkfuls of Belgian banknotes were arriving in Paris, and belgas, pounds and dollars were being eagerly bought up by the man in the street. The franc was tied to its rate of 105 to the £, but since it was certain to go down sooner or later (but not up), such "speculation" was as nearly a safe bet as it could be.

Blum was in a dilemma. Would he order exchange control, adopt a more or less autarkist system, and so abandon the Three-Power declaration of September 25th; or would he save financial "liberalism" at the price of making some important concessions to orthodox finance? The choice lay between the "liberal" way and the "coercive" way, with all that each of them implies. I am strongly inclined to think that what ultimately convinced Blum that the "liberal" way was the best was the international situation. To have chosen the other way would have meant abandoning the Three-Power Declaration; it would have meant a less harmonious relationship with England, and the suspension of the work of *rapprochement* with the United States, which, for the first time since the war, and particularly since 1932, is showing signs of becoming an important, perhaps a decisive, factor in international affairs. A speech like that of Mr. Bullitt, the American Ambassador in Paris, some days since, in which he said that although America ardently desired peace, "there might be some madmen in the world who would drag her into war," and in which he spoke of the bonds between the democratic

countries—such a speech would have been inconceivable a few years, or even a year, ago. Whatever the immediate practical value of this united "democratic front" may be, its potential value is immense (indeed, it is already a serious deterrent to the potential war-makers), and the establishment of a closed economic system in France would have been a serious blow to this "front."

Besides, the "coercive" way had many other disadvantages. It would have meant that the expatriated capital—which the Blum Government has so far tried in vain to bring back—would have remained permanently outside France, unless Blum was prepared to guillotine, after the Nazi model, anyone keeping his funds abroad. Such measures would have gone against the grain of the French; and, in reality, exchange control and the permanent exile of the expatriated capital would have been, in a sense, a much more serious and blatantly helpless surrender to "capital" than what has been decided now. What is more, it would have done the country as a whole far more harm than the present relatively innocuous concessions to orthodox finance. The principal measures agreed upon are:

> (1) The restoration of the free importation of, and trade in, gold, and the renewal of the purchase of gold at the current price, and without any personal inquiries, by the Bank of France; (2) the undertaking not to increase the ordinary budget expenditure during the year, except to relieve the lower categories of Government servants severely hit by the rise in the cost of living; the reduction of the extra-budgetary expenditure by 6 milliards; and (3) the floating of a National Defence loan to be subscribed to, and repaid (the same applying to the interest) in francs, sterling or dollars at the holder's option. (4) The setting up of a committee of experts to operate the Exchange equalisation fund in a new, less rigid, manner.

The first of these decisions means that the anti-profiteering measures against the holders of gold have been abandoned. Speculation has been a bee in M. Vincent Auriol's bonnet, but it is doubtful whether it was wise to pick out, among all the speculators, the holders of gold for special penalisation; for it has the effect of keeping the gold outside France or in the hoarders' woollen stockings. In Holland and Switzerland the free selling of gold continued after the devaluation of their currencies.

The loan promises to be a success, and to be attractive to foreign as well as French investors. It was the fear of a "new devaluation" that made it so difficult for the Treasury to borrow money in France; and the conditions of the new loan exclude this risk. The exceptionally good Bourse record of Caillaux's *garantie de change* loan of 1925 is a good omen.

There is really nothing in these measures to which exception can be taken by even the most ardent supporter of the Front Populaire.

If there is any "surrender," it is in the measures relating to the Treasury and the Budget, though it may well be argued that they are not much more than the application of Blum's "pause"—a principle he proclaimed a month ago. These measures mean that Government wages (except for the lowest categories of the Government servants) will not be increased; and that there will be a considerable slowing down in the execution of the public works programme of railway and post-office improvements and in the grants to the local authorities. Vast public works are a characteristic feature of the autarkist and totalitarian State, and it is also remembered that the 1848 revolution came to grief over them. M. Rist, who, as one of the directors of the Exchange Equalisation Fund, now holds one of the financial key positions in France, considers public works to be contrary to economic and financial liberation; he thinks that they are justifiable only in a period of economic depression, but that otherwise they only tend to unbalance the finances of the State, and are truly practicable only in a country living under an artificial monetary system. His argument is that with consumption expanding it is not necessary to create purchasing power by such artificial means, and he holds that the same result may be achieved by the less costly means of widening quotas in return for new export openings. Whether this abolition of quotas will go very far remains to be seen, for most attempts in that direction have usually been met by a howl of protests from some French interest; and the Radicals are particularly reluctant to offend any of their agricultural supporters.

But in any case the slowing down in the execution of the public works programme, and the decision not to increase Government wages, have been coldly received by the Government officials themselves and by an important section of the C.G.T., whose leader, M. Jouhaux, has been distinctly autarkist in his views, and has attached the greatest importance to public works. There is certain to be some friction between the Government on the one hand, and certain elements of the Confédération Générale du Travail and of the Government servants on the other; and the Communists will, no doubt, try to make political capital out of Blum's "retreat." How severe this friction will be, and whether it will lead to serious labour unrest, remains to be seen. The chances, however, are that with unemployment steadily decreasing, and with prosperity returning (and this return may be more accentuated now that the disturbing factor of monetary uncertainty has been eliminated), the trouble will be reduced to a minimum. The working class realise, after all, that Blum has not "turned MacDonald," that the Front Populaire Government, to which they owe so much, continues, and that, in its essentials, the Front Populaire programme has been left intact. Perhaps they also know that provincial France, which, for all its republicanism, likes to look up the Bourse quotations, will now become more "pro-Blum" than ever.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, March 8th.

A LONDON DIARY

THE programme of The Stage Society for April and May is extremely interesting: *Angelica* by Leo Ferrero April 4th, *The Road to Damascus* by Strindberg May 2nd, *Tsar Lenin* by François Porché May 30th. Since its foundation in 1899 The Stage Society (I believe it has produced round about 200 plays) has been the main channel through which original foreign plays have reached us—those with a challenge in them to thought or dramatic invention. When they produced *The Cherry Orchard* (the big success of the Old Vic season of 1934) it was declared to be "not a play," and the part the Society has played in educating critics (let alone the public) is nicely illustrated in the contrast between the *Manchester Guardian's* comment on *Uncle Vanya* in 1911 ("quite badly primitive") and on its revival by the Society twelve years later when it was hailed as "a beautiful play." The public think that by this time The Stage Society has got to the bottom of its pocket, but that is what they thought after its memorable performance of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, or, to come nearer to date, Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale*, which had hints galore for modern dramatists.

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Leo Ferrero is, by the bye, a son of the historian of the Caesars. *Angelica*, interpreted by the Pitöeffs in Paris a short while ago, had a great success. The protagonists Angelica and Orlando are taken from *Orlando Furioso*, but the theme is Liberty. It will be interesting to see how a modern Italian handles it. *The Road to Damascus* is a trilogy and The Stage Society proposes to act the first part. The trilogy is an autobiographical projection of Strindberg's struggle through the "Inferno" phase to a spiritual redemption which in his case proved unstable. But the interest of it (apart from its curious psychological tension) lies in its relation to Realism and modern Expressionism respectively. In one respect *The Road to Damascus* anticipates the later movement (the action dives in and out of the sub-conscious); but what distinguishes the trilogy from later Expressionism is that this method is used to project the struggle of an individual soul and not the travailing of a period. What M. François Porché's *Tsar Lenin* will be like I cannot guess. I am told that one of the "ideas"

in it is that the man who declares that human individuality is of no account is shown dominating events through the sheer force of his own personality, and that the method of presentation is cinematographic, the macabre side of the revolution which Tsar Lenin directs being suggested symbolistically. Time sequence is ignored and incidents juxtaposed and reshuffled after the manner of Proust or *Eyeless in Gaza*. Well, we'll see what we'll see. It is sure to be interesting. The Stage Society have the discovery of Chekov to their credit and they are certainly dragging a wide net now.

* * *

Talking of Chekov, in that interesting letter which Miss Dorothy Sayers contributed to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a fortnight ago, there was one generalisation about English and Russian human nature on which I should like to say a word. It is an open question by what means Chekov's "rainbow effects" (laughter shining through tears) are best achieved on the stage. She, with that end, was in favour of stressing in performance the comedy of futility, and I the tragedy of it, not only in the character of Astrov, which she discussed at some length, but at the play's close. To me the note to strike at the end was the dreariness of beginning life again on the flat after it has been running up the scale of excitement and pain. I am not going to argue about that. But Miss Sayers went on to say that my view was the result of having Irish blood in me. I'm not a great believer in blood myself; environment has always struck me as more potent—but let that pass. What did strike me as certainly disputable was her assertion that "the English are at one with the Russians in their ability to understand and create this inextricable mingling of the tragic and the absurd which is the base of Shakespeare's human (and box office) appeal." "On this particular point we English are far closer in feeling to the 'foreign' Russian than (let us say) the Irishman can ever be to either of us."

I think, too, there is a distinction between the interruption of comic relief (the porter in *Macbeth*, etc.), taken on from old popular drama, and the delight in anticlimax, which is characteristic of Chekov, and oddly enough is more thoroughly enjoyed by the Irish. I don't notice much use of anticlimax in Shakespeare's plays. On the other hand anticlimax is obvious in such Irish plays as Synge's and in Shaw's. Shaw's emotional mobility, turning off pathos with a joke, is one of his characteristics which England has found hardest to stomach. Remember the complaints about the jocular last act of *Saint Joan*! What seems to me to be the barrier between English and Russians is the great store the former lay upon self-respect and the indifference of the latter to its behests. The Russians revel in confession. Have we not been quite lately amazed by it? Self-exposure is a delight to them, a horror to the Englishman, who is most unwilling to tell his friends he is dead and rotten even when he suspects he is.

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There will probably be soon another great club in Piccadilly. The lease of 148, that focus of grandeur, the London home of the head of the House of Rothschild, is falling in. I hear that an auction of the greater part of its contents is to be held in it next week—a sale worth attending, though the real "bargains" will probably be only within the reach of dealers' pockets. It is expensive objects and furniture that go *cheap* nowadays. Only china dogs keep their market value, and (for the moment) Cézannes and old Italian masters of the first order. By the bye, why need the lover of Italian architecture go to Italy? Let him take a walk down Pall Mall: in the Carlton Club (slightly "Smirked") you may gaze upon the Sansovino Library at Venice; the Travellers (barring its attic storey) is the Villa Pandolfini at Florence, and in the majestic façade of the Reform Club who can fail to read the great mind of Michael Angelo? It is "after" the Farnese Palace in Rome which Sangallo built from Michael Angelo's designs. Macaulay, who in big things was a man of taste, though to the exquisite he was blind, thought it quite worthy of its designer. The Senior Army and Navy Club at the corner of St. James's Square, the site of Nell Gwynne's house, is a copy of the Palazzo Rezzonico at Venice. This club, "The Rag," is certainly one of the best appointed of London's co-operative palaces. Its first nickname was "Cripplegate," suggested by the advanced years and infirmity of its members. But after a certain Captain Duff of the Welsh Fusiliers, on failing to get a late supper there one night, flung out of it swearing that "Rag and Famish" was its proper motto, the first word stuck. In the early days of clubdom the club-autocrat (often also the founder) was a very important character in London social life. "Bear" Ellice, who founded the Reform Club (his trade as a fur-merchant earned his nickname, not his manners), was balanced by "Billy" Holmes of the opposite political persuasion. Both were wits. I do not suppose that there is a member of any large London club who wields to-day the prestige of the late Marquess of Abergavenny within the doors of the Carlton, or of Sir Henry de Bathe or Sir Charles Taylor at the Garrick. Thackeray, of course, was its great literary panjandrum in those days, but he could not have ousted Edmund Yates for making copy out of club talk without the help of those two baronets, especially as Dickens so hotly championed the journalist. No; club autocrats have almost disappeared, the combination of airy cynicism and formidable condescension no longer inspires awe. But the Club bore is still with us. Having suffered from one the other day I was driven to meditate on the sources of these creatures' power to crush us. It does not seem to lie entirely in the nature of their communications. Indeed, if the bore's conversation were taken down, it would often prove more interesting than that of the agreeable companion. The voice undoubtedly has something to do with it, but still more the curious insistence which accompanies the bore's manner: "You've *got* to listen to this." Unconscious egotism—that is his dire secret.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. M. E. Jackson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Two reasons why the Duchess should receive the honour [the freedom of the city of Edinburgh] were put forward by the Lord Provost Louis S. Gumley. They were that: "The Duchess before her marriage was a Girl Guide commissioner in her own countryside"; and "She is a keen follower of the hounds—out regularly with the Border Hunt."—*The Bulletin.*

Nor must our dogs be left out of the Coronation Gaiety. No matter what size or type, they can be dressed in a smart outfit of red, white and blue! A set which can be purchased for half a guinea consists of a leather collar and long start lead, with the three colours plaited attractively, and with strong fastenings.—Jane Grey in *The Star.*

The Mitfords themselves are a highly original family, each extremely independent and as clever as a couple of dozen or so of the rest of us all rolled into one.

Unity, like a good many girls of her generation who have been educated in Germany, is a great enthusiast for the present regime there and has been known to cry "Heil Hitler!" as a dramatic prelude to making her way, unconcerned, over to her own table in a Berlin restaurant.—*Evening Standard.*

When two thirteen-years-old boys admitted at Newton Abbot Juvenile Court firing lead pellets from powerful air rifles, the mother of one of them said her son had joined the Territorial cadets, and what with the marching and drilling he was "full of this sort of thing."

The Chairman: That's the right spirit.—*News Chronicle.*

It looks like an ordinary Cigarette Box and it is an ordinary Cigarette Box, but as you open the lid, THE BOX ACTUALLY SPEAKS and you hear a voice ask, "Will you have a Cigarette?" This is without doubt the most fascinating and intriguing novelty of the century.—Advt. in *News Chronicle.*

THE FRANKNESS OF GENERAL QUEIPO DE LLANO

[This article appeared in a Venezuelan newspaper, *El Universal*, on September 5th, 1936. The author of the interview, Señor Antonio Rispoll, is a Spaniard who was writing regular messages to the paper from Seville. The translation is sent to us by a correspondent who was recently in Venezuela. Though the events referred to are now some six months old, the Spanish leopards have not changed their spots, and this interview seems to us to throw a remarkable light on the aims and methods of the rebels.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Seville, August, 1936.—General Don Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, whose main activity in the civil war since he captured Seville has consisted in keeping the world informed of the progress of the revolution through the broadcasting station at Jerez de la Frontera, has done me the honour of explaining to me some doubtful points in regard to his broadcast speeches, in the course of which he declared that the insurgent forces would capture Madrid by the end of last week.

As two weeks have elapsed since the General announced personally that Malaga had fallen into the hands of the insurgents, and as, despite his promises that the republican system of government would be maintained in Spain, the republican flag has been replaced by the historic red and yellow flag of the monarchy and the republican national anthem has been replaced by the Royal March, I ventured to ask him for some explanations.

"Two weeks ago," I said to him, "you announced that our soldiers under the command of General Valverde had occupied Malaga. What has happened to Valverde?"

"We encountered serious difficulties," he replied. "In the first place, the Moorish soldiers were keener on sacking than on fighting. We had to shoot some of them in order to impose discipline, and their fellow-countrymen tried to mutiny. We then had to send them to the Extremadura zone, and General Valverde did not have enough troops for so important an undertaking. He is waiting there in the Province in a certain place, and he will occupy Malaga just when everybody is least expecting him to. What happened in that Province was the same as what you have seen in Seville. The people betrayed us. We spared their lives when they promised us to fight under our orders; we armed them and brought them out to fight, and as soon as they got together with two or three Marxist peasants they too went Marxist.

"Two weeks ago Valverde assured me that Malaga would fall within two days, and I ordered five aeroplanes to bombard the place so as to facilitate the entry of our troops. But what happened was, that when everything was ready a number of Marxist agents introduced themselves into Valverde's army and bought a hundred soldiers of the Tercio, offering them fabulous rates of pay. The 2,500 men under Valverde dwindled overnight to 600. Moreover, the unforeseen attack of the Marxists on Cordoba and Granada kept us on the defensive and delayed the realisation of our plan.

"When I occupied Seville, with only a few troops (as you know), I had to impose discipline by inflicting severe penalties. It is quite possible that we may have executed 3,000 Marxists in this Province. The result was a radical excision of the infection. Our work was that of a surgeon: we amputated a diseased limb in order to preserve society.

"Colonel Yaguez followed my instructions in Badajoz, and the result was admirable. We have had no difficulties in that Province. Where he made a mistake, however, was in recruiting popular elements without knowing the individuals concerned. His system was to ask them whether they wished to serve with the army. A negative reply was an indication that they were Marxists, and they were naturally shot. If they were ready to join us they were accepted as patriotic Spaniards. Many of them, however, after gaining the confidence of our officers, mutinied. That happened in Salvaleon and Salvatierra, where we had to shoot 1,200 men who had sworn fidelity to us and then tried to seize control of the government in those parts, for purposes of brigandage. Such difficulties delay the advance of the troops.

"However, in spite of everything, the column constituting the vanguard is now at the gates of Talavera de la Reina, having destroyed two Marxists columns at Aropesa. Thanks to the triumph of Mola's forces at Naval Peral, it will be possible to dominate the main road and the consolidation of the column that I mentioned with the forces from the north will be effected, so that Madrid will be completely surrounded.

"The people of Madrid are begging us to bombard that city. They tell us that they prefer the risk of our aerial bombs rather than continue to live in terror and die of starvation, for, as you are no doubt aware, they now have neither food nor water in Madrid. In the course of yesterday's bombardment our airmen destroyed some thousands of Marxists who were concentrated near Getafe.

"In the Rio Tinto zone the 38 miners who tried to seize the English mines were executed."

I interrupted the General to ask him whether he was not afraid that people in foreign countries might fail to understand the urgent necessity that obliges us to eliminate Marxism in Spain, and might think our methods cruel.

"I do not think so," he said. "The Marxists kill men, women and children, and in Madrid they have killed more than 25,000 people. They have violated the sanctity of the home, have burned churches, and have murdered nuns and priests. Murder is punished in all countries.

"Besides, you must not forget that the Church itself, in the days of Philip II, had to apply the cautery, and the Autos de Fe of that time supply a justification for the executions of Marxists. And you must remember that before executing them we give them a chance of confessing and repenting. Every Marxist who has so desired has received the Sacraments before being executed.

"Incidentally, there is now a religious enthusiasm in Spain such as had not been witnessed for centuries. The people are eager to avenge the murdered priests. Once the war is over, and when we have completely eliminated the Marxists, you will see that our Government will be a model of mercy and pity."

I then asked him about the change of flag and national anthem, and he replied: "It was not I who ordered these changes—it was the Burgos Junta. In the north the majority of the people are monarchists, and one has to please them. Besides, the Church prefers a restoration of the monarchy, and we want to fall in with its wishes as well. Afterwards, Spain can decide what it wants. It is easier to fight for the historic flag of the country than with a flag that is almost unknown to us."

The General complained of the help that foreign Governments are giving to the Marxists, and said that not a single Spanish aviator is now fighting for the Marxists. "They are all foreign mercenaries; they are paid huge salaries, and fight without enthusiasm."

At this moment Major von Kreuser, commanding the Air Division, came into the office, accompanied by Captain Vicentini, commander of a squadron of Capronis, to report that another six Italian aeroplanes and 20 officers had reached Seville that day. The General then told me that we already have 112 German and Italian aviators and some 57 planes of the latest patterns.

ANTONIO RISPOLL

ON SEEMING FUNNY TO OTHER PEOPLE

A CURIOUS theory has arisen during the present century to the effect that it is indecent to make a working-man the subject of a joke. I see that in his new book, *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Mr. George Orwell seems to support this heresy. Discussing the upper class attitude towards "common" people, he writes: "What is this attitude? An attitude of sniggering superiority punctuated by bursts of vicious hatred. Look at any number of *Punch* during the past thirty years. You will find it everywhere taken for granted that a working-

class person, as such, is a figure of fun, except at odd moments when he shows signs of being too prosperous, whereupon he ceases to be a figure of fun."

Here, I think, Mr. Orwell is confusing two entirely different things—political propaganda against the struggle of the workers for better conditions and the play of the comic spirit on workers as on every other class of society. Or, if he is not confusing them, he is suggesting that they are different aspects of the same hostile attitude.

For myself, I do not see why a working-man should not be a figure of fun in a professedly comic paper. If *Punch* could not portray a working-man as a figure of fun, it would justly be accused of having no sense of humour. *Punch* certainly has never drawn its figures of fun exclusively from the working-class. I have seen in its pages funny admirals, funny colonels, funny foxhunters, funny clergymen, funny doctors, and funny rich men as well as funny navvies and funny charwomen. To make fun of a member of this or that class is not evidence that one is hostile to the class. If the fun is good, it is evidence merely that one has a sense of humour.

W. S. Gilbert, for example, though a hard-bitten Conservative, made excellent fun of the House of Lords in *Iolanthe*. It is true that a number of Conservatives at the time looked on the opera as dangerous propaganda against the Peers, and I think it was withdrawn for some time from the D'Oyly Carte repertory. But that was only because jokes at one's own expense have a way of seeming dangerous or, as Victorian dames used to say, unnecessary. Gilbert, however, had to look out for figures of fun and to take them where he found them. He happened to find judges funnier than plumbers, and so he gave us a comic judge. Admirals, officers in the Guards, a society lion, even the sacred ruler of Japan—he saw that all these could be turned to uses of entertainment; and, in the result, the stalls laughed at them as loudly as the gallery. Was their attitude, then, one of "sniggering superiority"? Perhaps. It may be that there is an element of "sniggering superiority" in most comedy—that, as we laugh, we do feel somehow superior to all these peers and colonels and curates of the comic stage. If so, it seems to me that "sniggering superiority" within reason might be defended as a healthy expression of high spirits.

Take Dickens, again. He certainly makes great fun of members of the working-classes. Sam Weller and the footmen he meets at Bath, and Sairey Gamp—we are made to laugh at their very accents; and this is said by some to be the most snobbish of all kinds of laughter. If I analyse my feelings towards the comic characters of Dickens, however, I do not discover that I feel any more superior to working-class Sam Weller with his constant confusion of his "v's" and his "w's" than to bourgeois Mr. Winkle, as he collapses on the ice or as he is chased round the Crescent in the small hours by the jealous Captain Dowler. In point of fact I have a much greater respect for Sam Weller than for Mr. Winkle. So great is my respect for Sam Weller that, if I were to be reincarnated as a Dickens character I am inclined to think it is as Sam that I would choose to be reborn.

From this I conclude that snobbishness cannot be the true explanation, as some maintain it is, of our laughter at other people's accents and blunders of speech. We laugh at accents that are different from our own simply because they are different. It does not matter to what class the accent belongs: the haw-haw accent sometimes attributed to the upper classes on the comic stage seemed to me in my boyhood as funny as the more democratic gutturals of a Scotch comedian in the music-halls. Every accent, indeed, except the accent of my own small world in Belfast seemed in some way grotesque and unnatural and therefore funny, and even in Belfast there were accents that seemed funny. Doctrinaires may ask what fun there is in another man's pronouncing a word differently from oneself. All I can say is that simple minds have always found such things funny, as they have found Irish bulls and howlers in examination papers funny. You cannot analyse the joke: you can only see it. What is there funny in a child's pronouncing "upholsterer" as "eweful steerer"? Or is it not funny? I, at least, have always thought it so.

To me it seems that differences of speech appeal to our sense of humour for much the same reasons as differences of dress. Turn up a volume of *Punch* belonging to the early Edwardian period or almost any Victorian period, and you will, if fairly normal, find the costumes of the fashionable women in the drawings more amusing than the jokes. If you think that this is due solely to the comic genius of the artists, turn to an entirely serious photograph album of the same period, and you will find the costumes that have gone out of fashion have a way of appearing quite as ludicrous as the Cockney sentences of a *Punch* charwoman. The colonel's lady playing croquet in the 'nineties is as grotesque a figure as Judy O'Grady mishandling the King's English to-day. The women of to-day, who seem so perfectly dressed to us, will be regarded as freaks of fashion by their successors twenty years hence. Sniggering superiority on the part of the women of twenty years hence? Up to a point, perhaps, yes. If so, may it not be that a little sniggering superiority is a great help towards enduring and even enjoying a life that is far from being all beer and skittles?

The chief point of my argument is, however, that our laughter at oddities of speech as at out-of-date fashions has nothing to do with class-hatred, but is due almost entirely to the feeling that people with different conventions from our own are grotesque. Take, for example, the Victorian mockery of men who wore their hair long. I myself as a youth let my hair grow longer than was customary, mainly, I think, from a lazy disinclination to visit the barber. As a result, I was constantly assailed by members of the working-classes with ribald shouts. I could not walk past a group of factory-girls during the lunch-hour without being pursued by a chorus of loud and hilarious cries—"Get your hair cut," "Cheating the barber," and so forth. Working youths who had been to the theatre would sometimes burst into laughter and yell "Hamlet" after me, or "Van Biene"—the name of a long-haired 'cellist who used to appear in a play called *The Broken Melody*. Even when I came to London, where I had heard that the population were too indifferent and too polite to stare even at a Chinaman, 'bus-drivers as they passed used to wave their whips and whistle the tune of "Get your hair cut," grinning round at their passengers. This was all rather embarrassing to a shyish man, but I was compensated to some extent by the reflection that as a figure of fun I was making a slight addition to the happiness of a deserving portion of the community. Never for a moment did I suspect those factory girls and 'bus-drivers of class feeling or of indulging in sniggering superiority at my expense. So far as I could see, they were as good-humoured in their enjoyment of the grotesqueness of long hair as readers of Dickens were in their enjoyment of the grotesqueness of Sam Weller's dialect.

Jokes of this kind may not be the highest form of humour, but it will be a humourless world in which they cease to exist. I doubt whether the working-classes themselves would feel grateful if all the comic working-men were Bowdlerised out of Dickens and the comic papers. A working-man can be just as good a figure of fun as General Goering, and I cannot see why he, any more than General Goering, should be sacrosanct from laughter. There was a time when the Irish—or a section of them—objected to the Irishman being made a figure of fun in fiction and on the stage, and when songs like "Phil the Fluter's Ball" and "Matt Hannigan's Aunt" were denounced as national insults in the patriotic Press. It was held—and I held it myself—that the stage Irishman, as he was called, was the enemy of the real Irishman and helped to persuade the world at large that the Irishman was a buffoon, unfit for self-government. I now think that I may have been wrong. That figure of fun probably won

far more affection for Ireland than he ever alienated. I am convinced that the same is true about the working-classes, and that their progress will not be impeded for a single hour by their genius for producing comic characters, as the Church and the peerage do. Even in the classless world of Utopia, I hope that human beings will continue to be sufficiently different to seem figures of fun to each other. As it is, a working-man to-day who is a figure of fun is appreciated and laughed at by no one more than by his fellow working-men. That is one of the best omens for the future of humanity.

Y. Y.

MUSEUMS AND THEIR MESSAGE

SOME months ago, the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION published an article signed " I. F.," in which the museum authorities in this country were accused of being old-fashioned and of accumulating specimens in series of cases in the public galleries rather than displaying them in natural groups. The writer contrasted the interest taken in museums in America with our own apathy towards such institutions. Having recently returned from a visit to some of the leading museums in the United States, I am in general agreement with the author and am impressed with the necessity for action if our scientific exhibitions are to appeal to the public in the way they should. In view of the enormous potentialities as an educative force that are latent in every museum, one can but deplore that the majority of such institutions in this country—especially those of a zoological nature—appear to have advanced little since Victorian days, often discouraging when they should attract and sometimes even justifying all the witticisms levelled against them by the unscientific minded. Such a criticism does not apply to the museums in the United States of America, where advancement in scientific showmanship is steady and continuous.

Some years ago, Sir Henry Miers made a detailed report on over four hundred museums at home and abroad, not always with too flattering results as regards the former. Sir Henry pointed out that most British collections are richer in sheer bulk of specimens than those in America and in his opinion most of our museums show far too many specimens. As he pointed out, groups catch the eye whilst serried ranks of birds, stuffed crabs, shells, dried insects, etc., merely confuse and ultimately bore. Sir Henry deplored the fact that the numbers of our public museums that attempt to collaborate with schools can be counted on the fingers of one's hand. He pointed out that the County Councils have no special knowledge of the school visits to museums, it being left to the teachers to make their own arrangements. Sir Henry quoted the following experience as an illustration of the form which instruction in natural history may take. " Twenty boys were being shown round a provincial museum by a septuagenarian curator. As they were led past poorly labelled specimens in dim cases, the mentor called out ' Starling, Bird of Paradise, Thrush, etc.' while a superintendent in the rear exhorted the boys to ' write it down.' After fifteen minutes of this treatment they were herded off with the remark, ' Now, boys, for the tertiary fossils.' "

Improvements have certainly resulted from this report, and nowadays, not only the British Museum of Natural History, but also the Science Museum has highly skilled and entertaining lecturers. Such educational luxuries are, however, the exception rather than the rule. It is not my wish to laud another country above our own, but I find it hard not to rhapsodise over some of the wonders I lately saw in the Natural History Museum in New York and the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. Every phase of animal life is there set forth in wonderfully fascinating groups, a method of display which, for sheer educational value, transcends the most finely worded labels or lavishly produced guide books. The life history group improves every year and a new form of celluloid has recently been used in this with most remarkable results. It is employed to reproduce various smooth skinned and scaled animals which seldom stuff satisfactorily and are found excessively heavy when cast in metal or plaster. The museums of both New York and Chicago have lately installed some wonderful groups including celluloid crocodiles and hippopotami, which, though life size, can easily be moved by a couple of men. In most cases the public are in comparative darkness, whilst the groups are strongly illuminated in the manner of the stage in a theatre.

In the bird gallery at New York there is, amongst many other groups, one representing a glade of the New Forest (devised under the superintendence of the late Lord Grey). So perfect is it in every detail, from mighty oaks to primroses, that one can almost feel the breeze and smell the scent of earth and flowers. In the Hall of Ocean Life there are numerous fish groups, some showing fish feeding, nest building, hunting, etc. Others exhibit abyssal fishes swimming two miles from the light of the sun, yet lighted up by living lamps worn by the fish themselves. At intervals the dim lights illuminating this group are extinguished by mechanical means when only the luminous organs of the fish, produced by special minute electric bulbs, are visible. The lights are, after about fifteen seconds, turned on again and the form of the fishes carrying these light organs once more become visible. There is a corner of the Barrier Reef involving seventy tons of living coral and hundreds of fish, sea-worms, slugs, snails, crabs, etc. In the African Hall there are a series of beautiful *mises en scène* featuring gorillas, elephants, bongos and other African animals, in their respective jungles, plains, deserts, etc.

No subject perhaps is more difficult to render attractive to the layman than geology or palaeontology. The Geology Galleries in the museums in this country are haunted chiefly by courting couples and yawning commissionaires. New York has, in its own idiom, " put pep " into these subjects without swerving for one instant from scientific truth or sacrificing cold facts for theatrical ingenuity. Every skeleton of an extinct animal, be it dinosaur, giant sloth, mammoth or diminutive ancestral horse, is accompanied by a reconstruction —a model showing the beast as in life. Hard cash is, of course, the basis of successful museum management, but such triumphs of educative art are due not solely to mere wealth in dollars. American museums show a very enviable team spirit, an enthusiastic co-operation of museum staff, committees and trustees being as essential to success as the actual material and currency involved. For example, in America, when a museum committee has satisfied itself that a certain programme of group models will prove of lasting value to the community, it is taken in hand on strictly business lines. The City or a number of interested parties having " put up the money," a special expedition is equipped and dispatched to procure the necessary raw material. The expedition's personnel will include members of the scientific staff, hunters, trappers, taxidermists, cameramen and artists. Every single phase of the scene to be reproduced in the museum later is studied, checked up, painted, photographed and filmed exhaustively.

It may also be mentioned, now that the exploration of the stratosphere and possible communication with the planets are matters of daily discussion, that America's gaze is directed to the skies in all sincerity. She has already built several planetaria, one of the finest being the one attached to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Planetaria, which give such dramatic presentations of celestial objects are not an extravagance, since I am informed that many in Germany as well as in America actually work at a profit. Not a single institution of this kind exists in our country.

In conclusion, I should like it to be clearly understood that my criticisms are intended to apply to the public and show side of our museums, since our collections of specimens, especially those in the British Museum, housed behind the scenes, and studied by a staff of experts, are larger and more representative than any in other countries and are visited by scientists from all over the world. It is also far from the writer's wish to disparage in any way our museum authorities,

who cannot be expected to achieve marvels with inadequate means. Our educational authorities, museum trustees and others should have the power to unfasten the purse strings which are frequently loosened to less laudable purposes. The scenic displays, such as I have described, hold the sightseer's attention and so instil lessons which no series of stuffed and monotonously arranged exhibits could possibly achieve.

E. G. BOULENGER

RAW MATERIAL

WITH crude commodities as short
As spokesmen of the Reich report,
How can the Fatherland afford
To ship von Ribbentrop abroad?

Correspondence

THE SITUATION IN INDIA

SIR,—I have just returned from India, where I had the opportunity of being on the spot while the elections were taking place. The editorial comment in your issue of March 6th—that "the meaning of the Indian provincial elections has not yet begun to dawn on public opinion" here—is all too true.

You rightly say that the recent elections in which Congress has secured such striking results are a "plebiscite" on the new Constitution. With a majority in six out of the eleven provinces, and forming the largest single party in another three, Congress must be reckoned with seriously. When Mr. Gandhi came to the second Round Table Conference in 1931 he was ridiculed, and ever since the range of this party has been belittled, and attention focused on its diversity rather than on its unity. So, in this country, we face the present situation ill-prepared; knowing little of the history of the growth and scope of the movement; almost nothing of its leaders, save Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Nehru.

In the third week of March Mr. Nehru, the President, has summoned a meeting in Delhi of the All India Congress Committee to consider the question of office acceptance. In preparation for this, "reasoned recommendations" have been called for from local, district and provincial Congress committees "outlining the course of action to be taken up by Congress members of the legislatures to further our policy of rejection of the Act as a whole and to impede further development of the federal scheme." Once again, attention here tends to be diverted from the main issue and concentrated instead in forecasting possible "spilts" that may occur when the meeting takes place. Surely this time would be better spent in studying the basis on which these men and women have been returned to power.

On April 1st the Government of India will inaugurate the India Act. On the same day Congress has called a nation-wide hartal, or general strike, "in order to demonstrate effectively the will of the Indian people to resist the imposition of the unwanted constitution..." The Government of India and the Congress are faced with a grave position; one that calls for great qualities of statesmanship on both sides; and for men and women in this country to be watchful and informed.

2 Cranbourne Court, AGATHA HARRISON
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WHY ONLY MONEY?

SIR,—Inevitably the money available for Spanish aid is, and will be, inadequate to the need. But why must we think only in terms of money? Is, indeed, money the largest resource of English sympathisers? It seems to me that one of their chief assets may be labour. Consequently, what about voluntary *industrial* aid for Spain? Few workers, for instance, could regularly give ten shillings a week to Spain. But the number who would give three or four hours a week of their labour—this comes to the same thing—may be very great.

Transport (with petrol), for example, is one of, if not the most pressing need. There are some transport jobs in Spain where reliability is so vitally important, that one new vehicle is more suitable than two reconditioned ones. But there are many others where two *thoroughly* reconditioned vehicles of the *right type* are of more use than one new one. Would there be forthcoming in Great Britain the voluntary work of engineers and others with the right experience to recondition second-hand vehicles for use in Spain? It would mean the saving of life which there will not be the money to save.

To help in the initiation of such work an Advisory Committee of leading members of almost all the Trade Unions relevant to the task, and other technicians, has been formed. Lord Faringdon has agreed to act as Treasurer *ad interim*. The organisations concerned with Spanish aid are heavily burdened, and do not feel that this falls quite within their province. Naturally and rightly so: *for this is a producer's job*.

If patience is available, while square holes are found for square pegs, use could probably be found for a quite surprising variety of voluntary ability: not only all those with experience of reconditioning cars and lorries, but journalists, translators with a *thorough technical* knowledge of Spanish and French, costings and ordinary accountants, and experienced organisers. Most quickly needed everywhere are stenographers, typists, envelope addressers, and typewriters, dictaphone and duplicating machines and offices. Very important is the loan in each district of any relevant plant and garages. The offer of lorries and cars as gifts, or for not more than they would fetch elsewhere, may prove magnificently helpful.

Money is needed, and in the largest and most regular possible quantities. Provided always that the right types of vehicles are selected, and the work well done, every pound will probably enable voluntary labour to produce as much, or more, than two pounds would buy. Money should be sent, *not* to me, but to Lord Faringdon, at this address. All postal orders, cheques, etc. should be crossed and made out to him. It is hoped, to name another example, shortly to form a Joint Committee of mechanics, engineers and doctors, to consider the manufacture by voluntary labour of wheeled stretchers. Here, too, the names of voluntary workers will be welcome.

GEOFFREY PYKE

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"JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY"

SIR,—Although Mr. Clunies Ross sets out in his letter, published in your last issue, to comment on Mr. Russell's review of *Japan's Feet of Clay*, his comments are, in fact, criticisms of my book. I hope, therefore, that you will allow me to answer him myself.

Mr. Ross accuses me of misrepresentation in what I write of the declining standard of health of the Japanese people. Firstly, I did not write that the death rate "is already 19 per 1,000," but, following on a statement as to the decline in the *per capita* consumption of rice in recent years, wrote that "already Japan has a far higher death rate than any Western nation." The best proof of the correctness of my contention that the effect of the past five years of armed aggression, colossal armament expenditure, and agrarian crisis, has been a severe decline in the standard of health, has been given by General Terauchi, the late Minister of War. He told the Cabinet in July, 1936, that the number of men exempted from military service for reasons of health had risen from 250 to 350 per 1,000 between 1925 and 1932, and had reached 400 in 1935.

As regards the degradation of agriculture, the truth of which Mr. Ross questions, I purposely gave the quinquennial figures to show the position accurately although the figures for the past three years would show a more marked fall in productivity.

The evidence of terrible suffering amongst the peasantry cannot be dismissed by saying that the press accounts are instigated "by movements of party politics." Some of the most "ghoulish" reports I have collected were published in the semi-official *Japan Times*, and even Mr. Ross cannot disregard the reports of the Ministry of Education and of the Ministry of Agriculture concerning the number of starving school children, and the sales of daughters by destitute peasants which I have reproduced; nor the results of the police investigations which I have summarised.

The foreign resident of liberal sympathies and trained powers of observation is dreaded by the Japanese authorities, since he, unlike the tourist, can see the real condition of the country. As conditions grow worse the Government grows more determined to prevent the truth from being reported and last month they went so far as to refuse re-entry into Japan to Mr. Morgan Young. This distinguished journalist and author has lived in Japan for 24 years during which, as correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and editor of the *Japan Chronicle*, he followed the principles of liberal criticism of his famous predecessor, Robert Young.

In trying to discredit my researches into Japanese wages and costs of production, Mr. Ross strangely enough suggests that a better perspective could be gained by considering Messrs. Hubbard and Baring's *Eastern Industrialisation and Its Effects on the West*. For these authors base their conclusions partly on the figures published in *Lancashire and the Far East*. They refer to this work of mine all through their chapter on Japan, and write as follows: "... Enough data have now been accumulated as a result of research such as that undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Orchard, Mr. Arno Pearce and Miss Utley. ... If Miss Utley's estimate of the relative position is not far wide of the mark we may infer that to-day, in weaving as in spinning, Japanese wage costs must in all probability be rather less than half those current in Lancashire." Even the Japanese millowners do not dispute the accuracy of my calculations. An editorial in the *Japan Advertiser Textile Supplement* of July, 1933, speaks of "figures collected by Miss Freda Utley and endorsed by Mr. Shikamura of the Fuji Gas Spinning Co."

With regard to Japan's increased consumption of woollen textiles, this is due mainly to the necessities of the army campaigning in Manchuria and Mongolia, not to increasing ability to purchase warm clothing on the part of the mass of the people. How Mr. Ross can claim to see a rise in the standard of life in urban areas when official statistics show a decline in wages and a rise in the cost of living, only he can explain.

As regards Korea and her "unprecedented prosperity," it is hard to reconcile this claim with the known fact that the increase in her rice exports to Japan far exceeds the increase in her rice production. Whereas in 1919 only 13 per cent. of the rice harvest was exported, in 1931 the percentage was 42. Production meanwhile had only increased about 25 per cent. The population has to subsist on the cheaper but less nourishing millet which is largely imported from Manchuria.

Lastly, I cannot accept Mr. Ross's accusation that I have been insulting to the Japanese merely because I have exposed those ancient patriarchal, or feudal, practices and standards of behaviour, which, combined with the worst features of capitalism, render the Japanese system of government and treatment of workers, peasants and colonial subjects particularly oppressive and brutal. There is plenty to admire in Japan, and there are as many heroic and socially conscious people there as in other countries—unfortunately, most of them are to be found in the prisons or living in constant fear of arrest as "dangerous thinkers."

FREDA UTLEY

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DOCTORS, NEW AND OLD

SIR,—In his article published in your last issue I feel that Dr. Roberts hardly gives a true impression of applied medicine to-day, as contrasted with medicine as practised in 1900. He appears to agree with the physician who thinks that "in most cases of illness the doctor is really a mental poultice," and himself considers "nearly all present-day medical practice is based on empiricism."

No one would deny that mental poulticing is among our most important functions or that our work is largely empirical, but it is only fair to set against these facts the very practical use made in everyday medicine of the physiological discoveries of the action of gland extracts in the treatment of certain cases of sterility and abortion, of the use of basal metabolic rate estimations in elucidating certain heart affections, of the action of acetyl chlorine on parts of the nervous system, of the importance of really efficient administration of oxygen in respiratory diseases, or of the use made by the profession of the discoveries of the chemists and pathologists of the action of para-amino benzene sulphonamide in the treatment of streptococcal infections, and of mandelic acid in the treatment of urinary infections. The bacteriologists have put into our hands weapons of protection against diphtheria and measles which are in constant everyday use, and medical men and women have contributed to scientific knowledge by their discoveries of insulin and by their work on the anaemias, in consequence of which sufferers from diabetes and pernicious anaemia are to-day enabled to live useful lives at a very much higher general level of health than was formally attainable.

This list could be lengthened by other examples of the everyday application of scientific knowledge to general medical practice, but I think enough has been said to show that we can to a very considerable extent rebut the charge that though "the basic theories have suffered a fundamental change ... not the least interesting or least significant feature attendant on this change of basis is the slow response of medical practice." It is not suitable within the confines of a letter to give references of names of the discoverers of the scientific facts mentioned above, or of the dates of the discoveries, but I think few will think the time lag between discovery and application so very considerable.

A. E. BERYL HARDING

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"BABOONERY AND YAHOOISM"

SIR,—While I am sorry that my *Novel To-day*, coming after his somewhat unfortunate experiences in Spain, has merely increased Mr. Cyril Connolly's irritation with Marxism, unworthy exponent of that difficult science as I am, his article raises other and more important issues that demand a reply.

It seems to me that the disillusionment of Gide and the anarchistic pessimism of Celine are due not to their conviction of "the essential baboonery and yahooism of human nature," so much as their rejection of the only progressive and constructive philosophy of our time. If "most intellectual criticism of Russia springs from a disappointment in human nature," then the fault is with the intellectual critics and not with human nature, so largely moulded as it is by the condition of the world in which it finds itself. More courageous people attempt to change that world by understanding it and fighting against those elements that have reduced their fellows to the condition of yahoos and baboons. Others, like Gide and Celine, give up the fight and content themselves with sneering at those who are struggling for a better world. But though one may think such men profoundly mistaken, that should not blind one to their achievement as artists.

But how, after the appearance of such books as Ralph Fox's *The Novel and the People* and Alick West's *Crisis and Criticism*, can Mr. Connolly persist in saying that *Axel's Castle* "is the only Left-wing critical book to accept aesthetic as well as economic standards"? I am too accustomed to the same charge myself, to know the futility of replying to it.

PHILIP HENDERSON

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HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES IN THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—Referring to Miss Browning's letter, I had the information about the capital sentence some years ago from someone who was an authority on Russian law, but whose name I cannot recall. I remember subsequently discussing the question with Mr. Aldous Huxley, who is usually better informed about foreign countries than I am. He took the accuracy of my statement for granted, but said that the reason for the capital penalty was that it could be conveniently used against certain seditious persons or foreign spies against whom there was no other evidence available.

However, I find that in the Code of 1922 the sentence was imprisonment for a period of "*not less than five years*," though it only applied to offences against "*persons of immature age*." In 1934 this qualification was removed, and the sentence was to be for a period of from "three to five years."

A friend of mine at the Foreign Office advised me to consult Mr. Idelson of Lincoln's Inn, who tells me that before 1922 there was never any question of capital punishment.

I may mention that when I first heard the statement I tried to verify it; but it is not very easy to verify any statement about Russian law, and perhaps it is an open question whether death is a much more severe penalty than imprisonment for five years.

E. S. P. HAYNES

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[There is no doubt whatever about the matter; the penalty is "deprivation of liberty for a period of from three to five years." It is perfectly easy to verify this by looking at the Soviet Penal Code, which is published in translation by H.M. Stationery Office.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

SIR HERBERT BARKER

SIR,—Mr. Cyril Connolly's comment on the relations between Sir Herbert Barker and the medical profession gives, very fairly and temperately, the opinion of most intelligent laymen. To most of us who actually work at Medicine the curious thing about this opinion is that it always entirely ignores the one point that seems to us important, the point that knowledge that may reduce the sum of human suffering is being withheld.

We are not interested in balancing knighthoods against cuttings in the street, and strikings off the register against invitations to demonstrate at great hospitals; to us a duchess's knee looks strangely like a charwoman's. What we want to know is what Sir Herbert does to a displaced cartilage in that knee and how many of these displacements recur. Any publisher would jump at the chance of giving this information in a text-book, and any clinic allowing people to judge for themselves would be filled to overflowing.

There are many things about my profession that exasperate me, but it has one tradition for which much may be forgiven it. This is that knowledge must not be held up for any reason whatever, not for profit, prestige, nor pique. And to those brought up in that tradition it is mildly annoying to be scolded for not accepting teaching that has never been made available to them.

48 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.1. DENIS BROWNE

THE "TANSY" PHRASE

SIR,—I have gone into the phrase "like a tansy" in my *Wild Flowers in Literature*. Tansy is a plant, as Mr. Roberts says, but it need not be a euphemism. It also stands for a tansy-pudding, as in Herrick's *Hesperides*, 43. This pudding was used to represent the "bitter herbs" of the Passover. Gerard found it "pleasant in taste, and good for the stomache." Mr. Pepys ate it, but the High Table of Magdalene College, Cambridge, when they tried it some years since, found it too nauseous to be repeated.

The Oxford Dictionary finds the origin of the phrase obscure, but I suggest that the mention in Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King*, V, 1, is significant. Here a notorious coward is thus described:

> 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turned o' the stones like a tansy.

This looks as if the pudding was a girdle cake, on the stones in front of the fire, and turned from time to time. So "like a tansy" means "done to a turn, done perfectly." Blake's "in a tansy" is slightly different in its phrasing and has escaped the Oxford Dictionary. It seems to imply a ball perfectly turned by a bowler.

107 Edith Road, West Kensington. VERNON RENDALL

Miscellany

RECOLLECTIONISM

THE past is always with us. Though whereabouts? As each of us chonks along, carrying mixed goods in his interior like a grocery van, whereabouts are the labelled parcels of the years? Difficult to locate among the joltings and the obscurity. But perhaps the labelling is on different lines. Is the past packed up not by years but by subjects, that is to say, by the preferences of the heart? For example, had I better look for a parcel labelled "Love of Wiltshire," rather than for the year 1904, when I first realised my love? Wiltshire to-day—scarred, militarised, droning, screaming—how best can I sink through its ruins thirty years downwards into Figsbury Rings above the Winterbourne, where Wiltshire seemed indestructible and eternal? Or Cambridge—Cambridge to-day? When I see that Babylonian incinerator, the tower of our new University Library, how best can I blow it back into its native smithereens? Where is my spiritual dynamite? Or Oxford—the Oxford of to-morrow? When I hear that the generator of our incinerator is to build the Bodleian extension, how best can I finish this sentence? It only leads me to write another sentence, on the subject of Dorking. The town councillors of Dorking are just now proposing to cut an enormous cock on the chalk escarpment of Box Hill. This they would do in honour of the Coronation. It is to stand out for centuries as a memorial of Surrey's loyalty and good taste.

Thoughts like these—they are confused and querulous, but the past is confusing, and frequently involved in recalling the future—thoughts like these run in and out of one's poor head as soon as one peers into the grocery van, and rummages after the stuff. How best can one get at it? Through chronology or through subject matter? I can't myself manage chronology. The River of Time must be left to historians and Matthew Arnold. Most of us see the past as a swamp. Events do not flow past us; they neither go down into the mighty ocean nor are they lost in the sand; no, their behaviour is otherwise; the moment they move out of our physical reach they begin to sway and interlock, and they remain quite near. It is no wonder that amateurs all through the ages have indulged in incantations, and have hunted for the Word, the Gesture, the Sensation which should evoke their unburied dead, and bring back the richness and sweetness which had scarcely ceased to breathe. The taste of a cake, the unevenness of a tile, were sufficient to regain all childhood, all Venice, for Proust. Homer poured out blood, drinking of which the ghosts put off their ghostliness and conversed with men. In mythology, as in experience, only a low barrier divides the present from all the pasts. One step, and we're over.

Why is the step so rarely successful? It is not that incantations are difficult to arrange: a crinkly, paper passport, a really honest piece of sealing-wax, a Victorian shilling, the Victorian constellation of Orion, a kitchen table leg clawed by pre-war cats, a few words of French as it used to be talked before servants (*pouvez—non—cuisinière—bon*, etc.)—these are some of the trifles which may hook up a tangle of memories. They do in my own case. But, as in all magic, there is a catch. The devil nearly always tricks those that trust him, and here he contrives that the process of memory shall alter the nature of the thing remembered. For an instant the past is seen as it was, the sleeping beauty breathes in her tomb; then she crumbles or hardens, and the practitioner is left with a pinch of dust or a lump of clay. Events seem to die two deaths. The first occurs when they pass from us physically, the second when we remember them and so destroy their nature. And that is why it is so depressing and so futile to think of someone whom one has cared for and who is no longer accessible; if the voice re-echoes, the face fades; if the face remains, the body melts. And that, again, is why dreams, in spite of their silliness and horror, sometimes preserve an emotional truth which no waking moment can command. Dreams remember the essential past, however wildly they distort its forms. And Consciousness, as if aware of their reality, does all that it can to forget them. "My tablets—meet it is I set it down." But the tablets are never to hand and the dream floats away, carrying all Wiltshire in its folds.

Still, there are two solid reasons for remembering, or trying to remember. The first reason seems to me really important and the second evidently appeals to my contemporaries. Memory gives mental balance. That's partly why I practise it. The present is so heavy and so crude and so vulgar that something has to be thrown into the opposite scale, or one will live all lopsided. I throw in my own past. It may not be much, yet it is a counterweight to Mussolini, the Dorking cock, the Coronation, the incinerator. The past is not a series of vanished presents, of superimposed Mussolinis, as the historians have to assume: it would exercise no effect if it were. It is a distillation, and a few drops of it work wonders, even though they change colour on exposure to the air. This is not a private fancy of mine: all races who have practised ancestor-worship know about it, and Ulysses went down into the underworld to acquire better balance for his course in this. "One foot in the grave?" Yes, I should hope so. Impossible to walk steadily if it wasn't.

The second reason for remembering is a simpler one: there may be material and money in the past for a book or even two books. This is an age of autobiographies and recollections, indeed, I don't suppose that the human memory can ever before have been so remorselessly called into print and so gallantly responded. That bishops, burglars and butlers should publish their pasts seems proper enough; for professional reasons they have had much to conceal, and so they should have much to say. That creative artists should be equally chatty surprises me. They might be expected to have said what they wanted to say in

their works, and, in the deepest sense, to have drained themselves dry. Still, recollect they do, and frequently to our delight. I could point to some eminent recollectionists who have added to literature, and to others who seem just to be knocking up extra royalties; though to none who resemble my own great-grandfather. He, a banker and an M.P., seated in the King's Arms on January 7th, 1795, thus sets the pace:

> On this morning after some previous and occasional Deliberation I determined to begin to keep a Diary.—My motives for it are the following.
>
> I think I have discovered that my religion consists too much in active duties and in efforts to edify and convert others and too little in serious self-examination and attentive reading of the Scriptures, prayer and secret self-denial.

The diary continues in this strain for about a hundred octavo pages. It is never bright. Then it concludes:

> I may consider myself highly favoured by Providence, for how few can I discover round me who have half my Prosperity or who can look with so little reason for apprehension on a numerous family of children?

What could he make of us and our methods of thought? We can look back on him with gentle amusement and even with respect and with a sort of gratitude, but how can he look forward? Our quick jazzy minds, our trickiness with time—they would be quite outside my great-grandfather's comprehension, he would scarcely know that we and our memories existed, even if Ulysses called us all to drink blood together.

E. M. FORSTER

THE MAN WHO LOVED CATS

THE Professor turned his toast and gently pushed the milk for the tortoiseshell farther along the hearth, away from the fire. The angora, asleep on his knees, curled up, was like a lady's fur. Her little snore was like a toy dynamo. The Professor stroked her silky ears with one hand, while he toasted with the other. Dear puss. Beautiful Angelica. It was a dream to touch her. As he stroked and toasted, the tortoiseshell lapped milk with pretty smacking noises, jingling the saucer against the fire-irons. Until at last he had to rebuke her, pushing the saucer still farther away. Greedy puss. Silly, silly Shell.

It was about five o'clock: November, a still, already dark afternoon. The house smelled faintly of cats and, more strongly, sourly, of fish. The Professor, used to it over a period of years, did not notice it. It was the natural smell of the house, the sweet soft cat atmosphere he loved. He ate and drank his tea with one hand, loving the angora with the other. He sat curled up in the chair, long and thin, with bony hands. Long love of cats had made him rather cat-like himself: lean and pawing and soft. Only his collar hardened him. It was a high butterfly collar, the wings of it cut deep, so that his scraggy Adam's apple was free. It was the collar that gave him the look of decayed depravity.

After about five minutes the street bell rang, and he got up, with the angora still asleep in his arms, to answer it. Before he could reach the door the tortoiseshell was through it: through her own little trap-door at the foot. It was an ingenious contrivance. With seventeen cats it saved much time. It was fitted to all doors except the front. And when he opened the front door the Professor kept his foot against the lintel.

"Ah, it's Miss Minot! Come in."

The girl came in. She was about sixteen. She had gone just beyond gawkiness and was filling out, but she was shy, and the Professor did not help.

"I thought it sounded like your ring," he said.

"My ring?" she said. "But I don't ring differently?"

"Very much," he said. "You ring shortly—short and sweet. Very much. Very different from any other pupil."

"But how do you tell?"

He smiled down at her: a curious and almost lopsided smile, somehow feline and almost fascinating. "How do you ever know anything? By memory," he said. "I remembered. I remembered you from last week."

She stood in a little trance of embarrassment, not knowing what to say. "What books have you brought?" he said.

"The Saintsbury and the *Introduction to Dramatic Art*."

"Good. Take off your things and come in. Don't mind the cats. Shelley, Shelley. Silly Shell. Come away." The tortoiseshell sleeked off across the hall and slid through the patent trap into the Professor's room.

In a moment the girl and the Professor followed. The Professor walked with a slight stoop: a little arched, like a cat offended. "Sit down. Warm yourself," he said.

She sat down, in the Professor's chair. Pointedly, he stood up. And all of a sudden, she saw her mistake.

"Oh! I'm in your chair!"

"Never mind, never mind." He smiled: the slow feline smile that was almost, but not quite, fascinating. "Never mind, my dear. It's big enough for two. I'll sit on the arm for a moment. I'll sit and hold Angelica."

"Angelica? Is that the cat?"

"Yes, that's the cat. *The* cat. There are cats and cats, you know. Angelica's a queen. But what's your name? You didn't tell me last week."

"Oh, it's a rotten name!" the girl said. "I hate it." She pouted.

"But tell me what it is. I'd like to know. I can't call you *Miss* Minot. Not for three months."

"It's Viola. It's silly. It's so pi."

"Viola." He spoke it softly, purring, his voice a tone or two above the angora's snore, a sleepy purr of seduction. Speaking, he looked down at the girl. Her little bust, under the silky dress, was round and smooth, like a plum. He looked at her legs. She was opening the Saintsbury, the book drawing her dress tight across her knees. Her stockings were silvery in the lamplight. "Viola," he kept saying. "Viola." Nice legs. Lovely virginal legs. "I suppose you think we ought to be doing some work?" he said.

"I was only thinking we hadn't much time, if I'm to cram for the exam."

"My dear child, I'll teach you all you want to know in three months. I've never had a failure yet. Does Angelica upset you?"

"Not a bit. I like her."

"No? I'll put her down anyway. She can sleep on the sofa. Anyway, I can't teach unless my hands are free."

So he took the angora and laid her on the settee like a child, cushioning her with precious murmurs.

"How many cats have you," the girl said, "altogether?"

"Altogether seventeen." He came back to her chair, bending, his body arched and slightly twisted, his smile false and sweet. "But no kittens. There are no misdemeanours with my cats." He sat on the chair-arm, pulling his fingers, cracking them softly. "I can't have promiscuous Tommies in this house. It wouldn't do, would it? You know what cats are. She-cats, too."

The girl, not knowing quite how to take it, sat still, somewhere between shyness and entrancement.

"After all, I ought to know," he said. "I've kept cats for so long. For thirty years now. I've written books about them."

"Books?—just about cats?"

He leaned down and put one hand on her shoulder. It was a soft touch, light as silk, and just detached enough to be safe. "My dear child, don't say just about cats. Cats are the most wonderful creatures in the world—with one exception."

"And what's that?"

"Women. Cats and women go together. They were made for the same thing—for petting and loving and stroking. Oh, there are all sorts of points of similarity! However, this isn't English literature. We ought to get on." He leaned over to shut the book on her knees. As he shut it, the book fell through her skirt, between her knees. "There, forgive me. I've disarranged your dress," he said. Her silky young knees fascinated him. "Oh, don't pick up the Saintsbury! We shan't want him. Just sit still."

She sat still : still as a cat, her body delightfully unobtrusive and soft in the Professor's big chair.

" Now, where did we get to ? "

" The Reformation," she said. " You were just running over things. Just to get a sort of skeleton idea."

" That's it. Congreve and that crew. Wycherley and so on. It was a period of great license."

He had his hand on her shoulder still, and now, as though from long habit, he was beginning to stroke it, with his long-boned fingers, in the same feline and almost fascinating fashion as he smiled. " I mean that there was not only license in art and drama, but in private and public life. It was a most licentious age. English literature would have been better without it."

" We were supposed to do some of the plays last term," the girl said, " but Miss Brand passed them over. Of course she thought we were innocent."

" And are you innocent ? "

She did not speak. He let his hand run down her shoulder and down her arm. He squeezed her.

" You don't say anything. That means you are innocent."

" It doesn't ! "

" Oh, yes ! How innocent ? "

" It doesn't. I've read *The Way of the World*. Any of the sixth would be awfully piqued if you called them innocent."

" All right," he said. " You're not innocent. So now we know."

" Now you think I'm fast ? " she said.

" Oh, no ! Not fast. Very nice. As nice as Angelica. You don't mind if I stroke you ? I feel you're just like a little cat and you must be stroked."

" What came after the Reformation ? " the girl said.

" After the Reformation ? " He was stroking her absently, his fingers making tiny feline explorations across her dress. " Pope. He was a lesson in himself. And then of course the novelists. They were a pretty outspoken lot, too. Sterne and Smollett. I don't suppose you've read them ? "

" We had to do Sterne with Miss Brand. But she didn't take it all. We had private reading for it mostly."

" You know your groundwork pretty well," the Professor said. " What you want is a fuller knowledge ? You want to go deeper ? "

" Yes, I want to know more detail. I think I'll be all right then."

They sat for some minutes without speaking. For the Professor there was no need to speak. He expressed himself by silence and by the soft explorations of his hands, his fingers like feelers across the girl's dress. Once she quivered.

He had found the neck of her dress, and she pushed his hand away. But it came back again, sleepy and catlike and insistent. She could not resist or escape it. Until at last his hand was still on her small breast.

" Don't mind me at all," he said. " It doesn't mean anything at all. I must stroke something."

He stroked her : it was restful and yet exciting. It gave her an extraordinary sensation, not where he stroked her, but in her legs and in the depth of her stomach.

" Is it because you've been stroking cats for so long ? "

" Yes, it's because I've been stroking cats."

She moved a little and gave a big sigh, so that the sensation in her legs and body fused and came up into her throat.

" Where are all the cats ? " she said. " There's only Angelica and the tortoiseshell."

" They're all over the house. In their favourite places. Sleeping mostly. They do as they like. I let them."

" Just as they like ? "

" Yes, or just as I tell them. They know when I speak."

" That's marvellous."

" Just see," he said. " Shelley. Shelley. Silly Shell. Go out of the room, Shell. Shelley go out, I say."

The tortoiseshell uncurled from its place by the hearth, soodled across the floor, flapped open its little trap door and was gone.

" Send Angelica," the girl said.

" You want me to ? She's still asleep."

" Yes, send her. See if she hears you while she's still asleep."

Without turning the Professor called. " Angelica, Angelica dear. Angel. Go out. Out of the room. Go out, Angelica dear."

Listening, the girl heard in a moment the soft flapping of the cat's door, and then quietness.

" It's marvellous," she said.

" Now we're alone," the professor said. He bent his head close to the girl's hair. It was soft and thick and silky, almost like the angora's. " Now we can go on. Where exactly had we got to ? "

H. E. BATES

THE MUSICAL HIERARCHY

THERE is no more entertaining intellectual pastime when a group of young artists are gathered together than to set them the task of choosing—and giving as fully as possible the reasons for their choice—the half-dozen masters in their respective arts whom they consider to be in the front rank. It must be admitted at once that any such selection is to some extent arbitrary and is, also, at all times under the influence of temporary and local forces due to the environment of those who are making the valuation. It is only natural that reputations should fluctuate because each generation is first of all likely to be in revolt against its immediate predecessors and all that they most admired and, secondly, it has to discover new models for its own activity somewhere.

The generation aged now between twenty-three and thirty is further subjected to an especially strong political interest and to an almost irresistible tendency to divide the whole of Europe into two ideological camps ; just as happened during the Thirty Years War when it was almost inconceivable that a man could be anything but a Catholic or a Protestant. Look-

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ing back on that devastating period, it is easy for us to perceive how the opposing parties, instead of being free to choose what they believed (as they so ingenuously and complacently thought), were mere puppets in the Hegelian world-process or rather thought-process of thesis and anti-thesis. But it is useless to say such a thing to a man in a rage whose one idea is to destroy his opponents; nor is it any use telling him that even this is not his own idea. The process of thesis and anti-thesis is inescapable and all men are ground to pieces in this dialectic mill whether they like it or not.

I have said "all men"; but there is reason to think that great artists escape this dilemma which is the very reason why their work is so valuable to mankind. It is significant, for example, that no critic has ever been able to determine exactly what Shakespeare's religious beliefs were or precisely where he stood politically. Further, Shakespeare's attitude on the matter of how a man in Hamlet's position should behave has so teased the wits of most commentators that many of them have come to the conclusion that Hamlet was mad. The commentator never comes to the conclusion that he himself is mad and no political, moral or religious partisan has any doubt that his opponents are either mad or bad. From such people enlightenment of any sort must surely be peculiarly difficult to obtain?

Irony has long ceased to be possible for a writer in the daily press. Soon it will be impossible in the weekly press, for irony is now looked upon as a sort of intellectual indecency comparable to *double entendre* in a respectable drawing room during an earnest discussion on other people's sexual immorality. But, nevertheless, in spite of all these unfavourable influences for the consideration of values objectively, even though passionately, there are scattered here and there young artists who with a tremendous effort are preserving their equilibrium and taking an intellectual interest in other times and other work than their own. It so happened that I was brought among a group of young painters and sculptors last week and it was they who suddenly introduced this subject of the valuation of the great practitioners in their respective arts. They asked me by way of preliminary who, in my opinion, were the first half dozen composers of the world.

Now the average musician is not interested in this question, and this applies, I imagine, to the average practitioner in every art. It is a question only asked by the young or the very serious and profoundly ambitious. It is only worth considering when asked seriously and not at all in the cheap attitude of a man who "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." Those who ask such a question in the spirit of a dealer or a connoisseur wanting to know the date or the hall-mark or the signature of an object, should not be answered or should be answered with a lie. In answering this question I found I had to begin with a confession of ignorance. I was ignorant, I said, of music earlier than the late seventeenth century; or, at least, not sufficiently familiar with it to say whether or not there was in my opinion a great master of the highest rank among the European composers before Bach. Of Monteverde, Palestrina, Vittoria and their contemporaries and predecessors I could not judge precisely owing to the inaccessibility of their music. My judgment, therefore, for what it is worth must be confined to the period from Handel and Bach down or up to the present day. With this reservation I could start at once and give my first name. Now this name will come as a great surprise to Mr. Basil de Selincourt and others who see in me no enthusiast but a belittler of the man I am about to mention. But I hope they will take this in its true sense as showing that I have some jot of that objectivity of judgment which I have been advocating as so desirable. Well, my first name is J. S. Bach. Then I name Mozart and Beethoven. Now I don't think that in any learned, serious and gifted company of musicians anywhere in Europe or America to-day there would be any demurring to those three names. The trouble will begin when I name the fourth, Schubert. Now, let me say that these four, in my opinion, constitute a front rank to which I admit no other, while allowing, however, that there are two very close runners-up, but only two. Before naming these two, I must add that I do not admit Schumann, Chopin, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Verdi, Liszt, Bizet, Rossini, Weber, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, or any later composer to the rank of Schubert. The reasons why I put Schubert in the front rank and not any of these would require a whole article to make clear. I can only say briefly that Schubert's work at its best (and there is enough of it) is on a higher plane than that of any in my list of exclusions.

I shall now name the two runners-up and one of them will be, I hope, another witness to the fact that I can put aside a strong personal bias. My bias towards Berlioz is as strong as my bias against Bach; yet I put Bach not Berlioz in my first four. However, I name Haydn and Berlioz as my two runners-up, placing them—and I think correctly—above Schumann, Chopin, Verdi, Bizet, etc., to say nothing of Wagner, Brahms, Liszt, and similar third-rank composers. Now, here is something for the reader to think furiously about.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Out of Sight," at the Gate Theatre

In this prison all the prisoners talk to each other and seem to have innumerable opportunities of so doing, which does not seem entirely probable. Any play about prison life is almost bound to have some propaganda interest, and it is a very doubtful question as to how far propaganda forms a favourable basis for drama. In this case, however, the close observation of character in the scenes and the extremely fine acting and direction of the play bring into the propaganda an emotion which, if easy to obtain—for we are all of us in sympathy with the old lag or the Civil Servant who committed a crime for his wife's sake—gives the play a real theatrical value. No doubt all the incidents which take place are founded on fact. Their combination into one evening makes prison life seem very eventful, and this is probably the real weakness of the play, that the authors have been forced to telescope a series of events lasting over a long period of time into one evening. It has the result of rousing our interest in the persons portrayed, and for that it is perhaps legitimately employed, but hard though life in prison may be, because of the punishment it inflicts on prisoners in relation to their families, it is in the thinking of life outside that the hardest punishment lies, and this does not come into this particular play. In an admirable cast Mr. John Robinson, as a young prisoner, and Miss Vivienne Bennett as the warder's wife, with whom he falls in love, stand out by the sincerity of their performance.

"Camille," at the Empire

The Lady of the Camellias, the story of the Garbo film is for sale in all bookshops and "serialised" in an evening paper. But all the rewriting and republishing in the world cannot disguise the fact that this was never a very convincing story and is now nearly worn out. To describe Miss Garbo's performance, the critics have almost exhausted themselves in extravagant praise without, one suspects, softening one single heart that had atrophied against her charms. Miss Garbo is the perfect film actress, the most economical of voice and gesture, and instinctively controlled. But the appreciation of such technique is a dry thing, to enjoy this film one must accept its mood and its convention. Miss Garbo is a lovely white butterfly on the screen, lovely and generous, and human too, in a rather superhuman way. All eyes watch her every appearance, all ears wait for her soft, deep voice. And the owners of the eyes and ears are for a time beautiful, gay, lovelorn, they suffer and even die an entrancing death and no harm done. When it is all over one recalls that it is possible to love this creature with less than idolatry, that Robert Taylor's modern intonation comes queerly from a cravatted throat, that Henry Daniel is a very effective wicked baron and that, as old Duval, Lionel Barrymore is rather less than good. During the film only one false note mars the spell; Miss Garbo's speech about Jersey cattle was embarrassing if not ludicrous.

"Rigoletto," at Sadler's Wells

The new production of *Rigoletto* at Sadler's Wells is a great improvement on any previous production of this opera by the

Vic-Wells Company, and will give real pleasure to all lovers of Verdi, who need have no fear that they will hear an inadequate performance. As a matter of fact the orchestra, which is now a thoroughly good and reliable one, played excellently under Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, and was throughout vital and accurate. As the Jester, Rigoletto, Mr. Redvers Llewellyn gave a splendid performance, which was absolutely satisfying vocally and dramatically. Miss Ruth Naylor as Gilda was uneven but at times very pleasing in this difficult music. The other parts were adequately filled, and the new English translation by Prof. Edward J. Dent is a great improvement. This enduringly popular opera ought to have a great success at Sadler's Wells.

Musical Instruments in Art, at the London Galleries, Cork Street

We are fairly constantly told that all the arts (and in particular the art of abstract painting) aspire to the condition of music. Whether this is so or no, the arrival in Paris of a Spanish genius with a guitar, was the signal there for a fresh outbreak of musical themes. In England we follow respectfully and at a safe distance. A guitar transcended by Picasso or made musical by Braque becomes, in this temperate clime, little more than a violin carefully drawn. But though we follow in most respects, this exhibition is in itself a lead—the first ever devoted to musical instruments and pictures of them. Perhaps Chirico in his darkened colonnade relates to Giorgione but he is only one romantic, and then nearer the *Romans of the Decadence* than to the *Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre. The *champêtre* effect is provided by an extraordinary Nineteenth Century English musical box. Possibly a genealogy might be made that would relate Leger and Laurens to Watteau and Chardin, but it might easily seem a little far-fetched. "One could speak of strategy," remarks M. Ozenfant in his preface, "but I am a pacifist." Strategy at the London Gallery is directed towards what would be known as the advance guard—and the proud fantastic bearing of a Picasso who makes a lute where most people would only make a rift, with six or seven savage blows. There are also on view some modern musical instruments, xylophones, pipes and rattles, made by unemployed men in Monmouthshire.

Ingres to Van Gogh

At Rosenberg's, Bruton Street, the French paintings hang at respectful distances from one another. The empty wall space honours them at once for their worth in art and their value in cash, and shows them off as they deserve. Ingres is a draughtsman here, Courbet a virtuoso enriching a great expanse of canvas with olive green hill and pure cobalt sky. One is surprised to find this most elegant of galleries deplorably adorned with real flowers, luckily they compete only with a very poor Monet. The Degas self-portrait shows him as a ruddy young man with a fringe of beard under his chin; he has two pastels—a woman getting into a bath—small and very perfect—and a dancer in an explosion of shrimp-pink muslin. Renoir is here very Gallic, at once luscious and domesticated, his little girl—mostly hair—recalls and rivals the finest Rubens portraits. There are two Cézannes, one a tiny head of young Paul, the other a small, still life, seen with a cold detachment and painted with an emphasis on painting that separates him even from his painterly contemporaries. Van Gogh concludes the era. His landscape is large, grey, mauve and green in colour and painted from a window laced with rain. It is a good deal more beautiful than this prosaic description suggests, but what M. Ingres would have thought of it one cannot imagine.

H. de Buys Roessingh and Reginald Turvey

Mr. H. de Buys Roessingh, who is showing at Wildensteins, is half-German and half-French. Within limits his works are attractive in inverse proportion to their size. A big Roessingh (and some of them are very big) is bold, well designed as its smaller brothers and painted in the same rather Nordic colours, but its size, instead of making it impressive, makes it look empty. The smaller paintings, particularly a series of still lifes of bottles and playing cards look very well and would look better still if their enlargements were not there to show where the faults lie. At the Bloomsbury Gallery, Mr. Reginald Turvey is showing 12 oil paintings and 21 gouaches. A more uneven painter than Mr. Turvey would be hard to imagine. His imaginative gouaches are sometimes lively as Bushman drawings, sometimes just splodgy; his oils vary from a rather pedestrian fantasy (*The Black Mother*) to some small sketches of harbours which are personal, vital, and first rate of their kind. Mr. Turvey's prices are the lowest ever. Both these exhibitions close on the 15th.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 12th—
- For Spain. Indian Evening. Speeches by John Strachey, Isabel Brown and Indira Nehru. Friends House, Euston Road, 8. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*, obtainable from Spain-India Committee, 165 Strand.

SATURDAY, March 13th—
- Second National Congress of Peace and Friendship with the U.S.S.R., Friends House, 10.30. And March 14th, Cambridge Theatre, 11.
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children. Central Hall, 11.
- Home Counties Labour Association. Special Conference on Spain. French, Spanish and English speakers, Conway Hall, 2.30.

SUNDAY, March 14th—
- W. B. Curry on "The Peace Pledge," Conway Hall, 11.
- St. Matthew Passion, by Bach Choir, Queen's Hall, 11.
- "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," Film Society, New Gallery, 2.30.
- Debate between David Keir and F. Grainger on "Should the Workers Support the Popular Front?" 39 Doughty Street, 7.30.
- "The Merry Wives of Windsor," The Ring.

MONDAY, March 15th—
- Public Meeting organised by Kensington Medical Aid Committee for Help in Spain, Kensington Town Hall, 8.
- Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy and others on "Shall England Live?" Friends House, 8.
- "Fear," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, March 16th—
- Miss H. Holland and others on "Birth Control: the last Year's Work," Linnean Society, 5.15.
- Prof. Ruggles Gates on "Heredity in Man." Conway Hall, 7.
- N. J. T. Needham on "Should our Rulers Be Biologists?" University College, 8.15.
- S.C.R. Lecture by Alexei Tolstoi, Royal Society of Arts, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, March 17th—
- Annual Ladies' Night Debate of the Union Society of London, Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, 8.
- Prof. Lancelot Hogben on "The Social Background of Science," University College, 8.

THURSDAY, March 18th—
- Requiem Service on behalf of the Slaughtered Abyssinians, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 12.15.

FRIDAY, March 19th—
- "The Taming of the Shrew," New.

Books and books

—and then again, books. Which among so many are good? Why are three-quarters of them published at all? Any possibilities of some real literature emerging this season?

Well, we can vouch only for our own little lot—with three special asterisks this week for a remarkable, almost Chekovian, novel of Indian life, *The Bachelor of Arts*, by R. K. Narayan. Mr. E. M. Forster writes to us of this book: "I thought it a charming, unusual and amusing piece of work." Remember this; and here, to be in the fashion, is a list of some other interesting titles, all recently published:

Common Sense about Drama	L. A. G. STRONG, 2/6
Spring Horizon (a novel)	T. C. MURRAY, 7/6
Economics in Outline	ARTHUR BIRNIE, 2/6
Spanish Front	CARLOS PRIETO. With Map, 2/6
"Let's Learn to Fly!"	C. ST. JOHN SPRIGG, 3/6
Uncle Remus	J. C. HARRIS, 1/6
Frog in the Reeds	KIT MARSHALL, 7/6
The Zoo Man Speaking	DAVID SETH-SMITH, 5/-

Note the prices. Fuller details are in our Advance Spring List, which will be sent free and post free.

NELSON

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A few letters to the dear ones at home, to announce our triumphant arrival at the heart of Sweden, were dashed off at once, and then we sank blissfully upon our springy beds. What a sensation it is—to lie between the sheets, acutely aware of being in the middle of a strange land, and watching the dim light fade from an unfamiliar room! Inside one's head one can still hear the pounding of the railway train—but all around is a great stillness, to which the nerves gradually succumb. The sense of isolation is poignantly felt, yet along with it a conviction that one's troubles are over; it is difficult to say which predominates, misery or happiness.

ALL travellers must have felt this emotion so accurately described by Romilly and Katherine John in *Lodgers in Sweden* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*)—and what a violent longing one feels to experience it again—for though technically the opposite of homesickness the desire to migrate is much the same and quite as strong as nostalgia. The only word used for this longing, *wanderlust*, does not really express it—for the desire is not only the longing drawing one on to the unknown—it is also that of being pushed forward by the desire to escape—to see no more the old familiar places. Politeness emphasises the tractor motive power but omits the pusher. It is the longing to abscond, to leave behind all one's unfinished jobs, all the relics that accumulate, piling themselves up until the whole of one's future is mortgaged by promises. That is the moment to flit, to be off, to try one's luck wrestling with an unfamiliar tongue. Happy are those Gullivers who have the strength and the nerves to break all the pack thread promises which tie them down; happier still are those like the Johns who are free to walk off—providing that they can let their cottage. The desire to visit Sweden came on them suddenly: it was a fortunate inspiration, and the account of their six months' visit is a most charming book which reflects credit on all. Romilly and Katherine John have certain peculiarities which must have made their progress difficult. They admit, for instance, that they never engaged a room in advance, as it was against their principles, while they "were ready to resort to a great deal of inconvenience rather than ask questions—at all events point blank." For example, they could not bring themselves to ask the whereabouts of the earth closet. They also knew very little Swedish, though Katherine seems to have studied it pretty hard. It is difficult to believe that a language which has such multitudes of words which are either almost English or almost German, could not be picked up fairly quickly. They met, at first, with many difficulties which many people would have found means of circumventing. For example, in Stockholm they had to go out to breakfast every morning, because they were never able to have a hot drink in their furnished rooms—a difficulty which could have been overcome by purchasing a spirit lamp for one and sixpence. They were unpractical in many ways and as unwilling to adapt themselves as a pair of cats—but like cats they had the capacity of making friends unerringly and with absolutely no fuss. They are extremely critical, intelligent, sensitive and observant—just occasionally one feels they stick in an unnecessary claw. As a result they are almost ideal writers of a travel book. For most tourists are not cats but dogs—always wagging their tails excitedly, fawning on strangers, or barking at them, or whining because they are neglected. The cat has other standards: a comfortable place to curl up, milk and fish, sympathetic companionship. In the first item Sweden is noticeably deficient. The beds are uncomfortable and extremely short—you can never lie at full length and the double bed is unknown. About food, the Johns have much to say praising the pickled herring and the sweet brown goat cheese, but deploring the weak and tepid coffee. They do not seem to have tasted one of the greatest Swedish delicacies—smoked reindeer, which is so good that they must have mentioned it if they had.

And what is the verdict on Sweden? On the Johns' showing it is not a country where the highbrow or the intellectual snob will find very much to rejoice in. Sweden is small and the people feel rather provincial—so they often are provincial. You are more likely to discover a great friend than a great artist—though the Johns seem to have discovered both in one and the same person, whom one feels it would be worth going to Sweden to meet. Painters however have much in common in all parts of the world—the other acquaintance whom they really liked, a Lutheran Pastor with whom they went to stay, introduced them into a world which is almost unique—a society which, from its extreme isolation, seemed not to have changed much since the days when Goethe set off on his travels. Yet it is the country itself which appeals most: a country with a wonderfully warm sea lapping for a few weeks on a coast of bare, smooth rock, and of endless lakes and forests. The Johns bathed and sailed and had a thrilling experience when a gale came on in a fog, off a rocky coast. They loved the forests, and the marshy ends of the lake where the ducks and gulls and plover nested. They did not fish—which is perhaps lucky, or they would have been too excited to notice anything else. They enjoyed themselves most of all when they were living in a flat over a farmhouse, cooking their own food and wandering about in perfect freedom, watching the sudden arrival of the spring.

What a blessed feeling of freedom from all annoyances was ours when we awoke on that first morning at Skagersholm! To have to light a fire in the kitchen stove seemed rather a privilege than an irksome duty. There is something about that sleepy-eyed poking about in a dressing-gown before breakfast which no other occupation, however terrific, can quite equal. Though like a drowsy bear at the first approaches of spring one would fain lie down again and sleep, the sunlight coming through the window, is seen, nevertheless, to be pure gold.

There are very many passages as charming as that in *Lodgers in Sweden*, and many very witty. Both Romilly and Katherine can write extremely well. Just occasionally one or other of them uses a word like *numerosity* when *number* would do equally well; nor do I like the word *observe* as a substantive.

* * *

While *Lodgers in Sweden* is a chronicle of individuality and freedom, a bitter note of compulsion runs all through *Straw Without Bricks*, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan, 7*s.* 6*d.*), a very amusing and vivid description of her visit to Soviet Russia and her stay on a collective farm. It is not a work which the convinced Communist is likely to read, but to me every word and every incident carried absolute conviction. I have not visited the Soviet, but I remember vividly what Russia was like before the war—and *Straw Without Bricks* is one of the few accounts which call up the Russia that I knew. The same vast spaces with rolling fields of rye and wheat, the profusion of summer, the delicious bread, the undrinkable boiled drinking water, the sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and the Russians themselves. . . . The great difference between a collective farm and a well-managed estate in Russia before the war is that the manager or owner of the estate and his family are absent, so that there is no longer anyone whose standards of life conform to those of Western Europe. On the collective farm the people seem to be rather healthier than the peasants were, and to have a tremendous civic pride in their work, but they seem to be lacking in gaiety. In the old days the peasants often scamped their work, but they were always having dances—and always singing. Miss Delafield speaks of a travelling cinema, but she says nothing about the accordion which could be heard nightly, drowning the chorus of frogs. Can it be that the girls no longer dance out with a rapid shuffling movement, like children playing trains while they sway and wave a handkerchief and the men stamp and jump up and down swinging their arms to the strains of *Moee noviye syence*? Apparently that scene has gone for ever. So has curiosity about foreigners and foreign countries of which the young Communists are totally and complacently ignorant. And so of course has freedom, as the Johns understand it. Soviet Russia is obviously no place for them, or for Miss

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

Delafield either. Yet she seems convinced that things are better than they were, and that is undoubtedly true. Workers who had lived in America eventually settled down in conditions where no one had a safety pin to spare, and lived contentedly simply because they did not have to worry about the future. It is a wonderful compensation no doubt. But what is the future going to be now that Western thought and culture are cut off? For it is the Westernisers who have made Russia what she is at the moment.

DAVID GARNETT

PART OF THE PATTERN

Present Indicative. By NOEL COWARD. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

I read this book in an aeroplane. Is that a fair test? When one soars in the sunshine for three hours over a white tablecloth of cloud, with one's ears inflated, does every book appear niggling and terrestrial? Probably a little—and yet, resumed on earth, the general impression remains that this is something that is almost always shallow and often dull. Between pages 1–82 which give a sympathetic account of his childhood, and pages 215 onwards, where *The Vortex* comes out, and he is a success, there lie a hundred and fifty pages of doldrums: a long dull chronicle of dead plays and bad parts from which nothing of importance emerges except the feeling that the author is refusing us his confidence. Of course this whole autobiography is built round old theatre programmes—when one knows the play they have sometimes a sentimental interest, but their cumulative effect is appalling. The hungry sheep cry out and are not fed. Mr. Coward continues to play easily, agreeably, and cagily upon his scrannel pipe and all one can wonder is what lies behind this elaborate by-play. "I firmly resisted the temptation to work during those weeks. This was difficult. A tune certainly did slip through the barricade one day while I was on the beach and, between waking and dozing in the sun, I lazily fitted words to it. It lay forgotten at the back of my mind for many months until it emerged, nearly a year later, as a 'Room with a View.'" We learn more about his methods of composition from Miss Ethel Mannin, who describes him as interrupting an epigram to say "that would make a wonderful lyric," and then dancing about the room singing:

> Loose about the hips
> Loose about the lips.

And if you are interested in the genesis of *Room with a View*, you will want to know all about the vicissitudes of *Poor Little Rich Girl*, and the two English and two American performances of *The Vortex*, and how he got the idea of *Bitter Sweet* and wrote *Private Lives* in four days—and that is about all he wants you to know. The lives of actors are notoriously dull; their emotional life is vitiated by their performances on the stage; they are an envious, gossiping, sentimental, generous, reminiscent Thamesy lot of people, psychologically under-sexed, mentally underaged, dreaming of press cuttings, green lawns and coronets and with the political ideology of a beefeater—any book about them, unless written by Ellen Terry or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is apt to be dull. But a playwright's life is different—we should not expect a dull autobiography from Somerset Maugham. So I think Noel Coward is deliberately dull, dull because he knows his minute details of minor performances will satisfy the fans, and above all dull because he has so much to conceal behind the smoke screen. Let us try and guess what he is concealing. First his childhood. There is Mr. Coward's account—wistful, detached and slightly astringent—of an affectionate middle-class family meagrely existing in suburbs and taking in lodgers.

> The family name was Veitch and there is a genealogical tree and a crest and engravings of the house in Scotland which my mother and her sisters never saw, as it passed into alien hands before they were born.

In fact Noel Coward's Teddington is very like the Dublin of Stephen Dedalus. I suggest it was really a kind of agony for the stage-struck little boy, clever as a mongoose, who tasted success as a page in the comedies of Charles Hawtrey, and that it generated in him a passionate hatred of failure, an intense craving for luxury and fame. Poverty and dinginess were the stick of the rocket, to be dropped only when his talent was well away and exploding into its shower of stars. I think, too, in his love for his mother and his early stage appearances we can see the origins of an obvious narcissism in his temperament. There are hints of breakdowns. There was a boy who died, a girl called Stoj, now a Christian Scientist, and two happy friendships with people suitably unlike him. But one feels all the same that his emotional formula is unresolved. Similarly of the development of his intellect there is nothing to say. He read *The Gem*, *The Magnet* and *The Boys' Own Paper* with sentimental delight. I don't think he mentions having read anything else. Why not? Again, because such a topic is serious—he would have to think about what he liked, and be compelled to realise that his education has never gone forward, never moved in the coils and recoils, the obsessions and indifferences, the deep rhythms of the artistic life. Who can detect the slightest evolution except in technique in the matter of his plays?

From childhood to *The Vortex* his volubility about trivialities is at its noisiest. Beneath that I believe were real privations and humiliations, things that would have made a greater writer, in him only to be buried guiltily by the subconscious, ignored in the fierce struggle for success. With *The Vortex* he obtained it; from then on his career touches all of us, and the book closes with *Cavalcade*. One real emotion appears for a moment, anger—in his rage with the public on the first night of *Sirocco* we see him behave like a free and mature personality. The author who took the curtain call against police advice to show his disdain for his public glows in the recollection of it with a flash of liberated feeling. Then the sleek announcer takes his place again, the chronicle of ovations continues," I loved noting that fleeting look of pleased surprise in people's eyes when it was suddenly brought to their attention that, in spite of theatrical success and excessive publicity, I was really quite pleasant and unaffected." For the rest of the book he is consistently disarming. I do not grudge the absence in this book of any reference to those moral, social or political issues which everyone looks for to-day—it is absence of all aesthetic criticism that I find so appalling—not one word about schools of acting, styles of writing, creative methods, ideas of any kind whatsoever—nothing but success modestly and crisply described in a kind of protracted scrap-book of lunches and green-rooms. He quotes only twice from his own work—once an early lyric which is as good and as bad as anything he has composed since, and once, at the end, the toast from *Cavalcade*, which, I feel, he thinks is the best thing he has written.

> Let's couple the Future of England with the Past of England. The glories and victories and triumphs that are over, and the sorrows that are over, too. Let's drink to our sons who made part of the pattern and to our hearts that died with them. Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again.

Mr. Coward found them, afterwards—in the Royal Box; but that does not prevent a complete unreality from degaging itself from the lines. What Englishman would talk like that? Notice the mock biblical prose, and that phrase which positively hangs him, "part of the pattern."

What sort of pattern do you make, reader? "Virtue is a pretty pattern. Vice I think makes rather an ugly pattern." "I am glad they have married. They should make rather a good pattern." "Our hearts that died with them" is from the psalter again, and then comes a touch of the old Oscar in "strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell," a touch that is swamped in a finale of Rupert Brooke.

What are we left with? The picture, carefully incomplete, of a success; probably of one of the most talented and prodigiously successful people the world has ever known—a person of infinite charm and adaptability whose very adaptability however makes him inferior to a more compact and worldly competitor in his own sphere, like Cole Porter; and an essentially unhappy man, a man who gives one the impression of having seldom really thought or really lived and who is intelligent enough to know it. But what can he do about it? He is not religious, politics bore him, art means facility or else brickbats, love wild excitement and the nervous breakdown. There is only success, more and more of it, till from his pinnacle he can look down to where Ivor Novello and Beverley Nichols gather samphire on a ledge, and to where, a pinpoint on the sands below, Mr. Godfrey Winn is counting pebbles. But success is all there is, and that even is temporary. For one can't read any of Noel Coward's plays now—except the newest one. They are written in the most topical and perishable way imaginable, the cream in them turns sour overnight—they are even dead before they are turned into talkies, however engaging they may seem at the time. This book reveals a terrible predicament, that of a young man with the Midas touch, with a gift that does not creep and branch and flower, but which turns everything it touches into immediate gold. And the gold melts, too.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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SHORT POEMS FROM JAPANESE FOLKLORE

PULLING OUT THE WEEDS

I pull out the weeds ! I pull out the clinging weeds !
But what about pain ? what about sorrow ?
I pull out the weeds ! I pull out the clinging weeds.

THE GALLANT MARINER

Goodnight farewell Mademoiselle !
I'll never come back to you
You wave your little handkerchief
I'll cockasnook to you.

LIMPING JOHNNIE

Far away
Far away
Limping Johnnie behind the hedge
Far away
Far away
Hat popping over the edge
Here he is, now he's gone
Now he's gone away.

HER FACE IN THE WELL

My face in the well
I cannot take it out
My face in the well
I cannot take it off
And if you think I'm pretty
It's really not my fault.

MUTE LOVE

Sing till it hurts !
Cricket till it bursts !
But how much better
The fireflies' glitter
Which in night voiceless
Shines away ceaseless
Burning soul and body.

RAIN

Rain splashing and pouring
Pouring on the river
Lady frog squatting
Mumbles her prayer.

ALL MIXED UP

The deer within the tree
The honey with the bee
And I mixed with Thee
Like a fish in the sea.

THE MILL

All's quiet, it snows
The mill is milling
Its wheel a'grinding
Silence which flows.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Water to water goes over
Water trickles to the river
Just like love all over
You cannot love for ever.

PAUL CLAUDEL and AUDREY PARR

QUESTION TIME

ALL these skaters risking the change to birds,
Ermined roofs and crystal on trees and boulders,
The pageant of meat and wine, the maze of words,
And, at night, pianists with butterflies on their shoulders;

Chairs and pillows, and faces, faces, faces,
Calm and round and studded with sparkling eyes;
Lifts obedient, motors purring to places
No less rich in cinemas, dogs, and ties.

An hour of administration, an hour of love,
Half-an-hour of tentative verse, then dinner;
Grand Orion bestrides the vault above,
And only indulgent midnight prods the sinner;

January brings snowdrop and income-tax,
April a new umbrella, July the smile
Whose river laziness brute October cracks
With fires, pheasants, and fog; and oh! meanwhile

There and there, far from brandies-and-sodas,
Compounding post-Schönbergian dissonances,
Sleek with virtue, Vickers', Duponts, and Skodas
Brew the shareholder's mead, the pressman's fancies;

And here and here, turned to packages, livid
From death by weapons *all* of us had forgone,
Youth is scattered, only its wide eyes vivid,
Just for a worshipped chin, for a high cheek-bone,

For a shirt's colour; and down in brilliant cells
Expressionless experts ply their needles and wait,
While muscular sadics tighten their barbed-wire hells,
A.M.D.G., that is, of the Moloch State;

And the great theories claw in the empyrean
Like drunken eagles, each other's imbecile throats,
High above the hypnotised crowd, and Sheean
And Gunther take a fresh train and take more notes;

And arms and fists are weary of new positions,
And no one knows who is Aryan, who is Jew,
And everyone knows, with all these lovely physicians,
What is to happen to me and happen to you;

And here am I, shaving, smiling, and drinking.
  Oh, God! Oh, God! am I damned, as they are blessed,
These furious, idiot heroes that do no thinking,
  And march and sing and are shot with Bacchanal zest?

Or am I, am I the guardian of the wayside
  Shrine that sits in the trees and humbly glows?
Am I the hierophant of the beautiful play-side,
  Now dark, but indispensable as the rose?

Is it for that I sleep in a linen valley,
  Wander in books, flutter the cards, and yawn?
Is it that when the innocent Un-to-tali-
  Tarian fronts the rifle-barrels of dawn,

Or the fascio huddles against the sickle-and-hammer,
  While both surrender to colourless, shirtless death,
Still hearing the quite impartial machine-gun stammer,
  Both may see, overhanging their latest breath,

(Until it fades on the Virgin's outstretched fingers)
  An opal curtain of sofas and drowsy coals,
The morning paper, the bath with the steam that lingers,
  And breakfast, blond with honey and brown with rolls?

DERWENT

TWO PROPHETS

Freud and Marx. By R. OSBORN. With an Introduction by JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A prophet, if his teaching has true prophetic comprehensiveness, is hardly likely to be compatible with any other prophet. A man of science may say something new, and yet not contradict his predecessors, because science consists of separate truths, not of The Truth. But The Truth is what prophets proclaim, and there can hardly be more than one of it. Freud, in intention, is a man of science rather than a prophet; but his followers tend to treat him as more than a man of science. Nevertheless, it is common to find both Marx and Freud accepted as prophets, in spite of the obvious difficulty of reconciling them when so regarded. Marx emphasises the objective factors in human life; Freud, the subjective. Marx seeks to cure the world by a change of social organisation; Freud, by dealing directly with the irrationalities of individuals. Obviously there is a place for both methods, but not if either is treated as a theological absolute.

Mr. Osborn assumes that his reader is a Marxist, and sets to work to show that there is nevertheless a place for Freud. His conclusion is:

> The facts of both psycho-analysis and Marxism refer to man. The one describes the subjective, the other the objective life. The Marxist, without knowing something of the subjective side of man's life, will remain one-sided, as will the Freudian who misconceives the nature of the objective situation in which man's subjective life expresses itself. The two approaches form dialectical opposites, and, in unity, provide the fullest knowledge of man.

That is to say, ultimate truth is a synthesis (in the Hegelian sense) of Marx and Freud. I think Marxists who wish to avoid heresy should be a little careful in accepting this view, since it implies that the Master's gospel is incomplete. And men of science will scarcely accept the view that Marx and Freud between them cover the ground. What about bio-chemistry? What about medicine? Mediaeval England and the Black Death, Central America and yellow fever, Haiti and hookworm, are obvious instances of the importance of disease; and bio-chemistry can do quite as much as psycho-analysis to change individual character.

Mr. Osborn has some good quotations showing that Engels realised the importance of sex, and that Freud understands the effect of economic circumstances in necessitating repressions; it is only in the exaggerations of their less prudent followers that there are incompatibilities on these points. But when he says that "the theories of Freud are rich in evidence of the dialectical character of mental life," he must be using the word "dialectical" in a very loose sense. Marx took over the belief in dialectic from Hegel, and in so doing compelled his followers to adherence to an antiquated doctrine. His great intellectual defect was docility towards his teachers, which led him to take over uncritically Ricardo's theory of value, the iron law of wages, and Hegel's dialectic. The consequence is that his followers are obliged to go on talking an old-fashioned language belonging to the first half of the nineteenth century. This is the more to be regretted as what is out of date in their doctrine does not in any way help in the realisation of their practical programme.

Mr. Osborn's account of dialectical materialism illustrates some interesting aspects of Marxist metaphysics. The old mechanical materialism of the eighteenth century, he says, could not deal with change or evolution; he does not mention that it produced Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste." Dialectical materialism, he says, gives us something more than evolution; it gives, at certain points, qualitative novelties. "Life cannot be reduced wholly to terms of physics and chemistry." This view is that which non-Marxists, in the interests of Christian orthodoxy, have called "emergent evolution"; it has been advocated by bishops and others in talks from the B.B.C. But in what sense is it "materialism?" To assure us that it is "dialectical," Mr. Osborn tells us that "digestion and excretion show how opposites are united, how they interpenetrate within a process." I should have thought the opposite of digestion was vomiting, but that no doubt is due to my bourgeois bias.

But where, in all this, does Freud come in? He has, it appears, two uses for Marxists: if they study him they will learn to make their propaganda more like Hitler's and they will acquire "the beginnings of a technique for selecting and training the necessary leaders." This last point is very interesting. A revolutionary leader, one gathers, is a man who is actuated by hatred of his father, and who unconsciously transfers this hatred to everyone in authority in the State. We are not told anything about the Freudian selection and training of such men, but presumably they will be those who have cruel fathers but are not completely crushed by them. David Copperfield, after he bit Mr. Murdstone, would no doubt have been selected. I cannot guess what would then have been done to "train" him. Lenin was "trained" by having his brother executed, but this method seems rather unfair to the brothers of prospective leaders. Nor are we told how the revolutionary leader, when he has achieved success and wreaked vengeance on capitalistic father-substitutes, is to be induced to change his unconscious mentality, and prevented from becoming the "father" of his people.

Leaving all questions of detail on one side, and considering only the broad general outlook of Marx and Freud, it is clear that there are two differences, of which only one involves any incompatibility. There is first a difference analogous to that between macroscopic and microscopic physics: Marx deals with men in the mass, and Freud deals with them as individuals. In physics, the study of the individual atom involves complexities and irregularities which are evened out when large masses are considered; so, in a large population, we may assume an average percentage of each kind of eccentricity, enabling us, up to a point, to predict total behaviour of a community without taking account of the things that distinguish one man from another, which are the very things that Freud studies. So far, there is no incompatibility. But Freud, by his study of individuals, is led to views as to typical human nature which suggest a doubt—to put it no more strongly—as to whether human beings in the mass can be expected to behave as Marx would predict. Man, in Marx, is more rational and more economic than in Freud; he is also far less complex. In a statistical treatment the complexities could be ignored if they cancelled each other out, but there is reason to think that they do not do so. Freud's "death wish" may be more or less mythological, but on the whole it affords a better explanation of the present behaviour of Europe than is possible on a purely economic view. Nor does it seem probable that impulses of cruelty, for example, can be traced, without residues, to economic causes. So long as they exist, every system which gives some men power over others—as every system must—will be liable to become a cause of suffering. This is especially obvious in relation to children, and is very important if, as Freud maintains, the experiences of childhood are what chiefly determines the character of the adult. It follows that, even when we are only considering large communities, the exclusively economic view is an over-simplification, and a more psychological outlook is essential to political wisdom. Neglect of psychology is an obstacle to the success of Socialism, and, what is more, to the good that can result when it does achieve success.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

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MACMILLAN

THE SHADOW ACROSS THE PAGE

The Shadow Across the Page. By G. W. STONIER. *The Cresset Press.* 5s.

"*What I detest about nearly all essays and novels is that they take their tone from those connecting-links, bridge-passages or what you like, which form nine-tenths of the work and are not individual to the author. The only literary sin of any importance is to dilute one's originality. And that dilution, in some graceful and accepted form, is the aim of nine hundred writers out of a thousand. These are the anti-artists. . . .*" Mr. Stonier himself is not guilty of that dilution: his *Shadow Across the Page* has no forced or false continuity. His paragraphs, parted by spaces and hard stars, read like extracts: they are in fact extracts from a progressive silence. Like islands that are the high points of a submarine range, they have a submerged connection with one another. These are pure impressions (in Proust's sense), impressions not utilised, given whole for their own sake. Impressions used, placed or given slavish justification in what we have to pass as art are very often deformed. Mr. Stonier keeps his outside the tyranny of relevance—or, at least, of false relevance. "Prose literature," he says, "should be immediate, like poetry or music, and not always 'about' something." True relevance, the entirety of the nature, lies so deep down that it is difficult, though perhaps not impossible, to expose it: every artist adds year by year to a major unwritten work—like Flaubert's book about nothing that should stay itself on itself by the inner force of its style. Mr. Stonier chooses to leave his written paragraphs unbridged—it is hard to know if he has begged a question or posed one. The pen stops where fusion of feeling and thought stops. Such moments of fusion being intermittent, how far should prose attempt the unnatural bridge?

Superficially, *The Shadow Across the Page* is a note-book, or a sketch-book. Scraps of talk, silhouettes human or animal, apprehensions of seasons changing, the lucidities of insomnia, perspectives of dreams (like streets going off at an angle), phrases from that inner dialogue of the lover and self-distorted mirror-views of the author fill it. There are notes on an aesthetic, on "the griefs of timidity," on the phases of accidie. Sensations here enjoy, or suffer, democracy: none are on promotion. "Be thankful," says Mr. Stonier, "for one writer who does not dwell among the immensities." In fact, he has a cult for the monstrous behind the trivial; he, too, lines up *idées reçues*—note by note he assembles those toppling figures, Mr. and Mrs. Samson and Miss Wilkins. Mr. Samson's gate blows down and lets dogs in to foul his lawn; Mr. Samson is accosted, is always furious on the telephone, has the insincerity of all good-natured men, snips his hedge in the moonlight, sheds his coat in summer, peers from behind the blind, will not have swedes in the house, believes the churches have failed, crushes moths as he talks, has honeymooned in Naples—but Mrs Samson was never really keen on it. Mrs. Samson, through whom brandy passes quickly, would not appeal to Miss Wilkins's God. Miss Wilkins undresses in the dark; she always awaits a letter. . . .These people magnetise one's sense of the terrible.

Mr. Stonier, "poet by instinct, satirist by circumstance," is also journalist of the sensations. He reports crises, menace and pressure in that world we each inhabit alone; also, impartially, its unstable markets, intermissions and silly seasons. He has a flair for "story" on the plane of the nerves. There is rumour, an intimation in the stir of a tree, the first breath of a season, the stopped escalator, the silhouette at the bar, the vague, emphatic, gesture sketched in the street. *The Shadow Across the Page* is pasted with headlines, from an unprinted newspaper, which score the imagination. His notation is exact: there is panic in the half-thought. "In some moods we see the sunlight in a minor, in an infernal key. . . ." And here is news of the *beau monde*.

> The clouds part: it might be curtains giving a last glimpse of some great reception. Everything there is bright and stately. The palest of blue skies, clouds faintly lit, cloud confections like drapery in a painting. How far away it seems, the opening of a fan, a landscape of music, yesterday's afternoon, Then the rain descends.

And of the home:

> As the days draw in we find a new comfort in the evenings. The midges haunt a corner of the lawn where they have been all the summer, hung apparently in a glass bowl. It is almost dark before small birds cease from the geometry of their flight. We watch the smoke rising from a chimney and it changes from mauve to ghostly grey. A window rattles, in a treble voice a man cries 'Puss, puss, puss.' To-night, perhaps, we may sleep with easy consciences.

The Shadow Across the Page has an independence, a voluntary abruptness and remoteness that make it seem to forbid praise. Such a premium is rightly set on the word beauty that it is hard to find an adjective for this prose. Mr. Stonier has, to an almost unnerving degree, the power to communicate obliquely, to show thought in *déshabille*, to crystallise what is half-conscious and fluid in general experience, to perpetuate what is fleeting. Impersonally, he exposes his personality, as one might show an instrument. To do this without bourgeois coyness is, I take it, to be an artist. He says: "Literature. The romantic impulse, the classic consideration." Consideration here has not post-dated the impulse. It becomes owing to us that Mr. Stonier should attempt those bridges, which ought not to be detestable—or rather, show those connections, geologically existent, and let the whole range emerge in an entire work.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

TWO HARROVIANS AND A. N. OTHER

Distant Fields: A Writer's Autobiography. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Growing Pains: An Autobiography. By BASIL HARVEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Seventy Years of It: An Autobiography. By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS. *Appleton.* 12s. 6d.

Distant Fields and *Growing Pains* contrive to give, between them, a very clear picture of the English Public School as it was, is, and apparently ever shall be. We are always being told, proudly by headmasters and regretfully by our uncles, how much things have changed since they were boys themselves; the outside world is sometimes invited down to take a look round, and sure enough the little victims are to be seen disporting themselves in the most civilised ways: rehearsing for a Speech Day performance of *King Lear*, running up a television set in the carpentry room, or even (but this is rare) reading unmolested under a tree. Last time I revisited my own school I found that the Sixth Form Library was positively taking in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. No longer is it possible for a headmaster to address the Classical Sixth in the deathless words of Dr. Moss: "It is your good fortune this term, boys, to read the *Oedipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, a veritable storehouse of grammatical peculiarities."

In short, the humanities appear to be everywhere asprout, the old pedantries and brutalities everywhere on the defensive. But to read Mr. Vachell and Mr. Harvey on Harrow arouses serious misgivings. How far are these appearances deceptive? Do these changes affect the ordinary day-to-day life that goes on (half unknown even to masters) in studies and prefects' rooms, the relentless, sub-human gangster life, all right if it suits you, unspeakable if it doesn't? Between Mr. Vachell's schooldays in the seventies of last century and Mr. Harvey's in the twenties of this, very little seems to have changed at Harrow. "Toshing," for example, bridges the generations; in Mr. Vachell's day it was

> a source of merriment to everybody except the victim, who was scrubbed with cold water (to which was added ink, both black and red, shoe-blacking, and what-not) and dried with a towel besmeared with marmalade!

Fifty years on the ritual had merely filled out a little:

> My brother (says Mr. Harvey) retailed stories of how a great many boys set on one and gave him something called a "House tosh." This ritual consisted in a large body of boys filling a bath with every imaginable filth, then placing the one they didn't like in the bath, with every circumstance of degradation. When he had been made to swallow as much of the muck as possible and his eyes, nose and throat had been choked with it, the boy was made to run about while his tormentors took shots at him with dogwhips, hunting-crops, towels and anything else they found handy. This sport had delighted my brother, and he talked of it with all the glee of one who had been fighting for a popular cause and had so achieved popularity.

Does the recollection of it delight Mr. Vachell? Not precisely; for he is no sadist, but simply a very unimaginative man who cannot enter into the feelings of the Boy in the Bath. Perhaps at this very moment some wretched creature is being "toshed" on the Hill; but should Mr. Vachell, as a Distinguished Old Boy, chance to witness the scene, he certainly would not make a Distinguished Old Protest. He would, one gathers, approve, gently and nostalgically, of the Survival of Tradition. A rigidly Tory background at home helped to fit him to the Harrow mould. (Nothing establishes the atmosphere better than the story of his

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aunt's dog: this tendentious animal would snap up a tit-bit if you said "Dizzy gives you this"; but if you said "Here's a present for a good doggie from Mr. Gladstone," would growl and refuse.) He left Harrow, he admits, "cut to the Harrow pattern, a most ordinary youth"; and if we wish to learn how enduring that pattern can be, we have only to read his cocksure comments on any of the vexed questions of educational theory and practice. "Now and again a new boy rebelled against fagging, a most wholesome discipline." We read on to discover the author's justification of his point of view, only to encounter in the next sentence a glorious *non sequitur*: "The present King of the Belgians was fag to a cousin of mine at Eton." Again, "a great deal of arrant nonsense has been written of recent years about fagging and the caning of boys by elder boys." No doubt Mr. Vachell will class as "arrant nonsense" Mr. Harvey's account of the duties of a "day-boy." I have space to quote only one episode from the nightmare:

> Having got the balls at last, the day-boy has to run up the Hill, on whose steepness Harrovians pride themselves. He takes the balls back to the School Stores, and runs on to his House. There he takes off his boots in the yard and makes a dash for the baths, which he must turn on before the Monitors and Fezzes arrive. The baths in my House were in the sub-basement, except one, which was four floors above. After turning on the five baths at the bottom, the day-boy rushed to the upstairs one. He turned that on, then down again to see that the five hadn't overflowed. Then up again to see that the one was all right, and down again to the five, by which time the occupants had usually arrived. So up again to the top, to see if the Head of the House had got to his. If a bath overflowed, the day-boy got beaten.

No wonder Mr. Harvey "has known day-boys cry from nervous exhaustion on the day of their duties." Of the psychological troubles produced by this strange, unnatural mode of existence, Mr. Vachell is no less contemptuous. They do not exist; or, if they do, it has nothing to do with the system.

> Long after I wrote *The Hill*, other novels were published dealing with public school life, revealing the dirty side of it. There is always a dirty side. Perverts are to be found everywhere. Such unfortunates should be quietly sent back to their parents. As a rule they are. The less said about them the better. The ordinary boy is amoral. If he suffers from excess of vitality and has aptitudes for either work or games, he can expend his surplus energies on them. Nine times out of ten he does. The over-sexed slacker has the mark of the beast, and in my time was labelled "rotter."

It is at this point that one loses patience with Mr. Vachell. That a novelist should write that sort of thing is almost incredible. A fiery colonel, a purple admiral, yes: but a novelist! one whose business it is to understand the springs of character and action, the influence of environment, the souls of human beings, not always bluff and hearty, but sometimes sensitive and lonely in a hostile crowd.

One turns with relief to the worried honesty of Mr. Harvey. Like Mr. Vachell, but in the opposite sense, he is the worse for his education. Where the former is narrow and intolerant, the latter has been turned into a rebel, and only now, at the age of twenty-seven, is he beginning to get the seeds of defiance out of his system. Schools can do less mischief when boys have an orderly, contented home life as background; but this, too, Mr. Harvey lacked, and—to crown all—found himself at the age of eighteen, with a rich man's outlook and neither ability nor training to make money, suddenly impoverished by the separation of his father and his wealthy stepmother. Since then he has been shopwalker, actor, busman (in America), headmaster's secretary, and cashier at a night club; and now he is writing plays. I hope he has a success, for there is something attractively naif about the flavour of his book.

Professor Ross, at any rate, is blissfully free from either the prejudices or the spiritual contortions that flourish in our public schools. His is, as his publishers say, "a typically American story of success." Beginning as an orphan farm boy and a country school teacher, he is now the universally respected Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote him flattering letters (which he quotes in full), Woodrow Wilson wanted him to join his Peace Ship, and Theodore Roosevelt called him "Old thief!" when he encountered him in Santiago. Not a shadow of repression or depression falls anywhere across this sunny life. He married a wife with a "sense of humour so rare that any time she wanted to she could have us roaring over her take-offs of persons and situations." Unfortunately, he here presents a rather humourless figure himself. He simply does not notice when he is boring us with interminable lists of what he has done and seen:

> In Germany I heard *Rheingold, Siegfried, Die Walküre, Götterdämmerung, Tristan und Isolde, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Fra Diavolo, Der Trompeter von Säckingen;* saw *Faust, Egmont, Don Carlos, Iphigenia, Demetrius, Der Bettelstudent, Götz von Berlichingen, Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Lady of the Sea.* In Paris I heard . . .

And so it goes on, as exhausting as only a clever American can be. At the end of the book he is psycho-analysed, and naturally he gives us the report in full: we are not surprised to learn that his "id, ego and super-ego . . . are in harmonious adjustment." Finally we have an appendix giving his "anthropometric data" in enormous detail; they are supplied by a lady named Charlotte Gower, who seems to have measured him *almost everywhere*. "In relation to his stature, his hips are about average width, but his shoulders are somewhat narrow." Heavens! Perhaps there is something to be said for Harrow after all. No O.H. would have printed that appendix.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TALLEYRAND

Talleyrand. By COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE. Translated from the French by GEORGE FREDERIC LEES and FREDERICK J. STEPHENS. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Lives of Talleyrand. By CRANE BRINTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Despite Mr. Duff-Cooper and many others, there is probably still a place for a new biography of Talleyrand. But the man himself and the material for his biography draw very narrow lines for any new biographer who wants to produce anything worth reading. So far as the facts are concerned, we know everything about this man and his actions which the world is ever likely to learn. The intelligent reader who is capable of making allowances for the prejudices and stupidities of biographers will find all those facts carefully collected in the massive work of Lacour-Gayet, to which his successors are accustomed already to apply the blessed word "definitive." It is a pity that those successors do not draw the inevitable moral from the word which they use. There is no place now for a "straight" life of Talleyrand; the facts are known, his epigrams have been repeated until they are stale, we all know everything about his lame leg and his night-caps. There are only two possible courses open to a new biographer: he can give us a new, intelligent interpretation of Talleyrand's psychology or he can re-examine in the light of Talleyrand's whole life and of history the only parts of his life which retain biographical and historical interest and are open to dispute, namely his achievements in Paris and Vienna in 1814 and 1815 and in London after 1830.

Neither book attempts these two tasks adequately or makes any contribution to history or biography. There are hundreds of books which tell us that Talleyrand was very wicked, wicked, or not so wicked, and the Comte de Saint-Aulaire and Mr. Brinton add two more to their number. If words mean anything at all, Talleyrand was a very wicked man. He had the meanest vices and practically no virtues except those of great cleverness, wit, and fine manners. He made it a profession to betray everyone and everything except himself, and even he was not clever enough in the end not to betray himself. Whether you call a man of this kind wicked or not wicked is a question of no interest; the label does not alter the man. The Comte de Saint-Aulaire tells us at interminable length that Talleyrand was wicked and Mr. Brinton more shortly that he was not. The former proves his point by moral strictures, the latter by long, tiresome disquisitions the object of which is to prove that words do not mean what they say. They probably don't, but even that does not alter the obvious fact that Talleyrand was a brilliantly clever man with an extremely unpleasant character; a man with a vulgar mind beneath the manners and the wit; a man without any generosity and therefore completely incapable of either love or friendship; a man whose standards of value were those of the Stock Exchange, the Chicago gangster, and the jungle.

Of the two books Mr. Brinton's is the better. When he can forget the necessity to prove that Talleyrand was not wicked, he gives a fairly straightforward account of what he did. He adds nothing to what we did not know already. He, like the Comte de Saint-Aulaire, gives Talleyrand the maximum amount of credit for his achievements at the Congress of Vienna and the Conference of London of 1830. Neither of them seriously considers what can be said on the other side, and therefore the most interesting

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question with regard to Talleyrand, namely his real powers and achievement as diplomatist and statesman. The view of a contemporary like Louis Blanc was, of course, deeply stained by political prejudice, but his analysis of Talleyrand's methods and actions cannot simply be ignored.

Of the Comte de Saint-Aulaire's book it is difficult to speak temperately. What the French version may be, we do not know, but the English translation is all but unreadable. Certain faults must be ascribed to the author, particularly a kind of heavy-handed wit which pounds the reader through 360 pages into a condition either of maniacal rage or coma, according to the nature of his reaction. A single quotation will show what the reader has to endure :

> Napoleon relinquished the supreme power more nobly than Talleyrand acceded to it. Between the two manners there is the same distance as exists between Italian comedy and the drama of Aeschylus. Napoleon made his entry in that part of *Prometheus* in which he was to triumph at St. Helena, where he laid a greater claim to the admiration of the ages in his task of Sisyphus, condemned to roll the rock of universal domination.

The translation is an extraordinary piece of work. There is hardly a page which does not contain awkward, ungrammatical, or unintelligible sentences. For instance :

> At the end of 1791 war was believed to be imminent. The Constituent Assembly had made it inevitable by declaring peace to the world ; that is, by requesting the world to think similarly while offering it, as to the French, liberty—as it understood the word—or death.
>
> It was the 18th of Fructidor, the time of the electoral operations, annulled by decree and in virtue of that fundamental unwritten principle of the Revolution that its divine law took precedence of the national will.
>
> Possessing few scruples and much wit, she (Aimée de Coigny) shared with the latter (Talleyrand) natural affinities, which, under the empire of common interests, soon developed into elective affinities.
>
> His mind appertained to the art of succeeding rather than to the art of pleasing.
>
> The only resource, therefore, was to discount their value by mortgaged bonds, which were very soon to be called assignats and, with forced market prices, to multiply in catastrophic proportions. One more revolution, in the confiscation of ecclesiastical properties, which was in the bud.
>
> Having . . . convoked [*sic*] him (Talleyrand), Napoleon said : . . .
>
> If it were not that nations are less grateful for catastrophes from which they are spared than for the illusions, baneful, even with which they are imbued.
>
> an idealogic [*sic*] Islam.
>
> For a régime which did not pay its debts either, he would have been well qualified for the office of Finances, a prospect of which he was granted in a great ministry, where he may have met Mirabeau, and which would perhaps have changed the course of events had the Assembly not declared the incompatibility between the duties of a minister and the mandate of a deputy.
>
> Having forgotten the liturgy, there was organised . . . a dress rehearsal with his companions in debauch as assassins.
>
> Clinia's son [*sic*], the translators apparently think that Alcibiades's father [or mother ?] was called Clinia !

LEONARD WOOLF

RES ITALAS

Augustus Caesar. By BERNARD M. ALLEN. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d*
Marcus Agrippa. By F. A. WRIGHT. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

These two books well illustrate the old distinction between authors who read in order to write, and those who write because they have read. Dr. Allen is a painstaking compiler, with a flat style, and an earnestness which at times suggests the curate trying to make the Sunday school understand what a dear, brave boy David must have been. He is careful to keep within his subject, which is just as well, because as early as page 4 it is plain that outside it his knowledge of Roman History is of a somewhat precarious and insubstantial quality. Mr. Wright calls up the far more genial image of the Dean overflowing with good-humoured erudition on the antiquities of the neighbouring estate and the descent of its noble proprietors. On finishing his book, I felt that I should like to move a vote of thanks to our lecturer for a most delightful and instructive evening.

However much is written on Augustus—and between now and the bi-millenary which opens next September, no doubt a great deal will be written—he will always remain a mystery. Tacitus frankly gives him up. Judged by the extent, the difficulty and the duration of his achievement, he might be pronounced to be the ablest man on the historic record. For a full two hundred years, and in many places for two hundred more, the world lived very cheerfully within the framework designed by Augustus, and, though baffled by the man, Tacitus had no doubt of the magnitude of his services to Rome. " Mari oceano, aut amnibus longinquis saeptum Imperium : regiones, provincias, classes, cuncta inter se connexa : jus apud cives, modestiam in socios : Urbem ipsam magnifico ornatu." And Tacitus, I fancy, knew quite well what he was about, when he put *connexa* just in the middle of this survey of the Imperial achievement. Rome gave the world coherence. And the same words might stand for Agrippa's epitaph.

Mr. Wright, very happily, quotes the line from *Antony and Cleopatra*, where Octavian enters, in conversation with his two lieutenants, on the words,

> I do not know,
> Maecenas. Ask Agrippa.

A trifle older than his chief, and of obscure, not to say mysterious, origin, Agrippa had worked with him from the age of sixteen. Mr. Wright's conjecture that he was really a son of Julius, and therefore Octavian's cousin, would help to account both for his capacity and his steady rise from nothing to the highest offices in the State, and an Imperial marriage. He was always fortunate, not perhaps least in dying at fifty-one, before the sulky and frivolous late Augustan time set in, with scandals in the Palace and disgrace in the field. But his record of work in Rome during thirty-five years is truly astonishing ; in Mr. Wright's lively narrative it is almost exciting : and one is left with the impression that the material coherence of the Empire, the unity and mobility by land and sea of that immense and variegated structure, was in the main the creation of Agrippa, soldier, administrator, ship-designer, civil engineer, and architect, Agrippa of the Pantheon and the aqueducts, of the Maison Carrée and the Pont du Gard.

Augustus was not a man of his hands, and his habit of contracting an acute stomach-ache when the situation called for vigorous action is psychologically suggestive. Yet he lived to seventy-seven, and a deep, slow, far-sighted intelligence was needed to furnish Agrippa and his like with a programme and a field to work in, and to give the fabric time to settle on its foundations. But neither singly nor together could they have done what they did if the world had not been ready for it, or if they had not found the means prepared. By incorporating the whole of Italy in the State, their predecessors had opened for them a fund of energy and intelligence which it took many generations to exhaust. The Roman aristocracy was finished : the urban populace only needed to be housed, fed and amused. The new men, and the new ideas came, not from Rome, but from Italy. Augustus's own family were county bankers : Virgil grew up on a northern farm : and the only Roman official whom everybody has heard of was, from his name, not a Roman at all, but a Samnite of the clan which has twice brought Rome to disaster and almost to destruction.

G. M. YOUNG

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Miss du Maurier's narrative falls very distinctly into two parts. In the first, the notorious Mary Anne, her daughter and her daughter's future husband and sister-in-law are the chief characters ; then they give place to Kicky, who finally holds the stage altogether. The book ends with his marriage in 1863.

It has the form of a novel. What Ellen thought, as she leant with her nose pressed against the window-pane, is given in detail. Outrageous remarks are supplied to Mary Anne with great verve. Miss du Maurier does the utmost with her great-great-grandmother's " tip-tilted nose," her " fluttering eyelid " and gutter-breeding ; with Ellen's Roman nose ; with Louis-Mathurin's snub nose, his waving arms, and his red umbrella. Mental characteristics are presented with equal gusto. There is vivacity and brilliance on every page, and the whole thing resounds with emptiness. Or so I felt. But that may have been

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due to an original distaste for the method—for all biography in which fact, inference and mere guesswork are handed out indiscriminately. Not knowing what to believe, one loses the courage to believe anything. A novel can win assent—even literal assent—far more easily. For instance, George du Maurier does not say a great deal about his father's singing, in *Peter Ibbetson*, and yet we are convinced that "le beau Pasquier" really had a great voice. When Miss du Maurier enlarges on the same point the impression at most is that perhaps he sang rather nicely. I can't even get so far I feel that Miss du Maurier—very charmingly—made it up.

And just as the element of fiction spoils the biography, so, in a less degree, the element of biography spoils the fiction. The author is free to invent, but only along the lines of her data—always the same type of thing. We want the other things to build up a real character. Mary Anne (her descendant's favourite) may not be a bit too outrageous, but she is not organic. Her "tip-tilted nose" is not a feature, only a property. She is, in fact, a theatrical-Hogarthian dummy, admirably lighted up, and jerked with much spirit through some of the motions of life. At the same time she provides a great deal of fun, of course. They all do. It is the need for assent—of any kind—which discomfits one.

At least, in the first part of the book. The second part is much happier. Miss du Maurier has plenty of material about Kicky, and her chapters cease to be padded out with what may have been. Of course, we all know a good deal about Kicky. Everyone must have realised that his novels bulge with autobiography, and, taking the three together, it is not difficult to guess where: yet I think most readers will be surprised to find how very little he left unsaid. (Uncle George, by the way, was doubtless, as we are told so, not Uncle Ibbetson; the Milford establishment is surely reflected in the "Hopshire" one, all the same.) Miss du Maurier has filled gaps, supplied names, and put the whole thing in order, and it is all so expected that even the additions read like something we knew before. Yet it is all highly amusing and satisfactory. The author's gusto of showmanship becomes delightful when it has something to work on.

She regards her forbears, on the whole, with much kindliness and some condescension. I doubt if any of them would be pleased with the book, except perhaps Kicky—and perhaps Mary Anne. Mary Anne, indeed, she respects enormously. But Louis-Mathurin, with his rockets to the moon and his disease of optimism and irresponsibility, was really too trying; Louise (kind soul), faded, pathetic and ridiculous, must excite a smile; and—tut tut!—what was poor Ellen always nagging about?

It is clear enough what; indeed, Ellen's sharp tongue provides a welcome touch of astringency in this atmosphere. Kicky himself, of course, thought her not good enough to figure in his dream-childhood, and therefore disguised her (he would!) as "beautiful young woman with golden ringlets"—and with no character. Miss du Maurier commends, perhaps ironically, "the gentle hand of a dutiful son." I am afraid in this case it was the hand of a beauty-snob. Almost anyone, and certainly any woman, to deserve Kicky's attention had to be beautiful, and that too in a given style—with a heroine of less than five-feet-eight he would not have had the heart to go on. The narrator of *The Martian* has the excuse of not being its hero, and of being at any rate a colossus; even then his irregularity of feature is treated throughout as profoundly saddening. The novels owe their uniqueness very much to this form of snobbery, and, of course, to an equally exclusive cult of moral charm. Kicky, his granddaughter tells us—and we could have guessed it—was very sensitive, very kind and considerate—he could admit no jarring elements in a character he intended to take an interest in. One can't regret the fastidiousness which produced a writer so charming and so unlike any other; but it has a tendency to overshoot its own object. In the long run it excites a positive nostalgia for real life.

K. JOHN

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SWING THAT MUSIC

Swing that Music. By LOUIS ARMSTRONG. *Longmans Green.* 7s. 6d.

So much nonsense has been written about "swing" in this country that it is a relief to get a few words straight from the horse's mouth (if Mr. Armstrong will pardon this description of his genial features). *Swing That Music* is mainly autobiographical and non-technical. The autobiographical bits which have good documentary value are written in the easy-going, near-Hemingway style which is bound to become the journalese of the future, if only because it fills up space even quicker and easier than the old succulent bivalve, denizen of the deep, kind of thing. Here are two specimen passages:

> Most people have some smell they like best and that depends a lot on what they got to like where they were born and brought up. The nicest of all to me is the smell of a magnolia tree when it comes out in the late spring in Louisiana. Those big white flowers do swing their scent. They let it loose on the warm air and it spreads out over the whole county and lies in the air for weeks, heavy and sweet.
>
> The next day came up bright and nice, and the river quiet. You'd never have thought there had been a storm. When I went up into the dance salon, coffee and corn-bread and plates of hot boiled rice were being passed around. The *Dixie Belle* didn't carry enough fresh food for a crowd like that, but there was plenty of coffee and cornmeal and flour and beans and rice and that kind of food on hand.

For an amateur Mr. Armstrong shapes well and he is certainly a better writer than his musical collaborator, Mr. Horace Gerlach, who tells us that "out of a great issuing power, held firmly in restraint at the point of issuance, comes the incredible beauty of his high notes, notes golden in purity, never wavering, never shrill" and who when not concocting purple passages uses the muddled incomprehensible jargon which typifies the jazz musician gone highbrow. The technical side of the book is the least satisfactory. Mr. Armstrong does his best to persuade us that "swing" is an entirely new development, but has in the end to admit that it has been going on for years. His argument, as far as I can see, is that the word "jazz," which should be applied only to a certain type of "hot" playing, has gradually been applied to any kind of dance-band playing and has thus lost its original meaning. "Swing," in fact, is only a new fancy-name for a type of playing which has been familiar even in England ever since the old "New-Rhythm Style" records came out on Parlophone. In "swing" playing one section of the band keeps up a steady harmonic and rhythmic background while the solo instruments improvise a counter-subject or descant in free rhythm or *tempo rubato*. Usually the tune is presented in a fairly "straight" form to begin with, but when an old favourite like *Limehouse Blues* is used the variants often begin right away and one hears the tune by implication as it were.

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There is nothing strikingly new about this. We find the same principle at work in the variations of the Elizabethans and in the rubato ornaments of Chopin and Liszt. If we look at the two versions of Liszt's *berceuse*, for example, we see that the 1862 version is a " swing " edition of the 1854 version. As for Mr. Armstrong's skill in using one popular tune as a counter-subject to another it is only the old quodlibet technique which Bach perfected.

" Swing " music of the Armstrong type has always a technical interest, particularly when so great a virtuoso as himself plays it. But personally I soon get bored by the monotony and musical thinness of the background which serves as a jumping-off board for the rococo solos. A good example of what I mean is provided by the music section at the end of this book which gives one first a tune in its straight form on the piano, and then solo variations written round it by ten famous players.

The variations are some of them quite amusing, but the tune itself is unbelievably bad, a feeble repetitive melodic line with conventional mushy harmony.

I can't see that this type of thing opens up a new future for popular music, however great the skill of its executants. To my mind, the future lies far more in the " composed " jazz of the Ellington type where, although soloists are allowed individual licence, the work is planned as a musical whole, and where the harmonic variety is far greater than it can possibly be in the Armstrong type of " swing " with its fixed ground-bass.

If anyone wants to see the difference between the improvised executive " swing " of the Armstrong type and the composed creative " swing " of the Ellington type, I suggest that they play through any Armstrong record and then play *Hot and Bothered* and *Rude Interlude*, two records which, though old, have not been surpassed in their particular line.

However, I don't want to put anyone off Armstrong's book, which, in its mixture of naivety and pretentiousness, is a good document of our time. It is tolerably well produced, and contains a complete list of Armstrong recordings obtainable in England and a glossary of " swing " terms, such as " gutbucket," " screw-ball," " barrel-house " and " jam session."

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SECKER AND WARBURG

UFFA'S ANNUAL

Sail and Power. By UFFA FOX. *Peter Davies.* 35s.

The general lines of Uffa Fox's annual volume for the nautically-minded are now definitely established. The contents mostly fall into three classes. There will be accurate reproduction and penetrating technical analysis of the design and construction of a number of the more eminent boats: there will be the startling pronouncement of some revolutionary but still unproven theory: and there will be some true but almost incredible personal achievement, told with a refreshing absence both of boasting and of modesty. Probably it is for the first section that his work is most valued by his fellow-technicians: but it is the third (and occasionally the second) which most interests the general reader.

Consider these exploits. (Most of them, naturally, were grouped in the first volume, which had a longer period on which to draw.)

The first time he crossed the Atlantic in a yacht she was capsized by a big curler, and he was washed overboard. Grasping at what appeared to be a floating beam, he found himself (as the yacht righted) hoisted into the air—and actually clinging high up the mast! Or this. As scoutmaster of the Cowes Sea Scouts, he once took them for a row in a whaler, from Cowes . . . to Paris. Or this, for a third. Turning his attention to the 14 ft. International Dinghy Class, he designed a boat on an entirely new principle: an innovation so successful that he won twenty races at Cowes with her off the reel: and then, hearing of a regatta at Le Havre where he might win some more, sailed his little racing machine across a hundred miles of open Channel, on a day when a fifty-ton cutter was running for shelter; won more races; and sailed her home again! Anyone who has seen the readiness with which these little dinghies capsize when racing in a sheltered harbour will realise the astonishing nature of this exploit.

Later came his success with the sailing-canoe: a success certainly no less spectacular. The sailing-canoe is the fastest craft, for its length, under sail: it is to sailing what a racing eight is to rowing. It does not sail through the water; it skims over the top like a hydroplane, at a speed theoretically impossible for a boat of its size. Its enormous sail area is balanced by the helmsman, who rides not within the hull, but on a sliding seat projecting over the side, to get the full leverage of his weight. Now the International Canoe Trophy had never left America in its whole history of nearly fifty years. But in 1933 Uffa Fox designed and built two canoes, and (with Roger de Quincey), challenging for the first time, brought that Cup home to England, where it still remains.

It is curious that the newspapers—even the Jingoes—which work themselves into hysterics over our periodical attempts upon the America's Cup, made practically no mention of this dramatic victory. The only reason one can imagine for their attitude is that J-class yachts are large, while canoes, though enormously more efficient as sailing machines, are small.

The second volume (so far as I remember) recorded no personal exploit so outstanding as these. For the general public it was probably his sketch-design for a sailing liner fast enough to beat the *Normandie* across the Atlantic which provided the greatest sensation.

Now we have the third volume. It is larger than either of its predecessors; and the additional length is mostly due to an increase on the technical side. As well as the meticulous attention it pays to sailing craft, it deals, this time fairly exhaustively, both with power cruisers and power racing boats. For instance, in a chapter illustrated by most excellent photographs, it gives the tragic history of *Miss England II*, from the early stages of her construction to the day when Sir Henry Segrave was drowned from her in Windermere. The photographs (published many of them for the first time) show her, half-finished in the sheds: show her, running at an estimated speed of 120 m.p.h. just before the accident; show, in detail, the exact nature of the damage which capsized her; and later, after she was salvaged, show her leading Gar Wood in the first heat of the unfortunate contest at Detroit.

This time Uffa Fox offers no new revolutionary theory. But instead, once again there is an astonishing personal exploit. I have already described the character of the sailing canoe; and I have described Uffa's crossing of the Channel in a 14-ft. dinghy, a passage which appeared to be the last possible word in small-craft cruising. But last year Uffa went one better. In his sailing canoe *Brynhild* he crossed the Channel again; and

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BASIL BLACKWELL

then continued his cruise along the Brittany coast. The author maintains that this was not so dangerous as it would appear; for the vastly greater efficiency and speed of his craft enabled him to make passages between squalls, and between tides, which the ordinary cruising man could not hope for (unless his boat were a very large one): and, on the other hand, the almost negligible draught of *Brynhild* enabled her to sail in waters where larger craft could not enter. Nevertheless, if this contention is true, I venture to think that it is only true for a helmsman of the calibre of Uffa himself.

RICHARD HUGHES

POLITICAL NOVELS

Death Without Battle. By LUDWIG RENN. *Secker.* 6*s.*
Men Without Mercy. ALFRED DÖBLIN. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
A Time to Laugh. By RHYS DAVIES. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Labour Leader. By GABRIELLE VALLINGS. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Savage Days. By PHILLIP TOYNBEE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Coming to the end of this batch of novels which have been produced under the influence of the wave of political revivalism which is sweeping over European fiction, I turned again to Mr. Rhys Davies's account of another kind of revival—the religious. For humour is not a strong point among the reporters of the class war and the parallel is amusing. In Wales, the devout cry out "Glory be!" as they snatch you by the coat tails into the chapels; a man, thinking he has been given power to fly to Heaven, jumps from a chimney stack; a woman breaks her husband's violin to pieces (? violin = bourgeois culture). The husband, says Mr. Rhys Davies, "tackled her in an unconverted way and both were taken to hospital." "Yet," he goes on—and how well this expresses my feeling about the political novel—"some people took quietly and decently to the business." And when the warm weather came on and the fervour lessened, "everybody agreed that the revival had done them good and that life after conversion seemed less of a kick on the rump. There was more meaning to things, they said."

Yes, more good than harm on the whole, but the good comes less from the doctrine than from its by-products. Those lean, upward-looking, hand-on-tractor-lever workers standing like so many St. Georges astride the dragon of capitalism, those fat bourgeois, so rich, so muddled, so unhappy, those nice young bourgeois, virginally promiscuous, so nervy about the faith and trying so hard to get away from their mothers—these are the doctrinal types of the new political melodrama. It is not surprising that the first effects of Marx and a little Freud are an attack of intellectual and artistic indigestion. The benefits of the revival must be sought beyond the new types, in the widening of scene and interest, in the picture of people at work and engaged in something more than the love struggle and the nerve struggle.

On the doctrinal side the Germans have an advantage. They have seen the doctrine in action. Ludwig Renn has always seemed to me the most satisfactory of the political Germans, for he is neither melodramatic—the worst fault of the school—nor pretentious. His sobriety, his laconic narrative, his avoidance of emotional over-emphasis, his power of simple statement about a mass of characters and actions and his own simplicity of character, make an indelible score on the mind. *Death Without Battle* is a sequel of his earlier documentations and he now opens with the weeks before Hitler's seizure of power and goes on to the terror that followed it. It is grim reading. There are glimpses of the great actors—Göring, Hitler, Dimitrov and Schacht, there are portraits of good Nazis, bad Nazis and dubious Nazis, as well as sketches of the Left-wing people. Through the narrative, contrasting with the objective horror of the struggle, runs the introspective story of Captain von Herb, a man of humane and austere mind who cannot adjust himself to the new mad, cruel and demagogic world. Renn is not a crude producer of heroes and villains. His politics have not blinded him to the diversity of human nature, nor yet has that diversity reduced him to moral relativism. He is deeply, gravely committed. His book is really a collection of skilfully chosen portraits. The wretched negro stranded in a small German town, in terror of being lynched; the pathetic priest in the concentration camp; the business-man victim of party jealousies—such figures are drawn with a firm but unobtrusive art. *Death Without Battle* is, in fact, politics without revivalism, a dour and lucid little classic of the German struggle.

Men Without Mercy is the other thing. *Alexanderplatz* was a very much overrated book and this successor is, I suppose, an improvement. But it is in the vague, generalised myth-making German strain and a heavy fog of symbolism threatens to engulf the characters and chloroform the reader. The story begins well, however; that it does not go on so well is due to the characteristic faults of essay writing and of pitching the reader into the middle of episodes which he has not seen begin. A widow, faced with sudden poverty, goes up from the country to a big city with her children and, after an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, buckles to and determines that she and her eldest son shall grab what they can from society. Crisis comes early in the son's life because he has formed vague revolutionary attachments.

He has to choose between the bourgeois values represented by his mother and mysterious excitement promised by his revolutionary friend. He is not old enough to understand that he has really made a choice when his mother wins and, in any case, doubts about the vital significance of this incident may also strike the reader. The boy grows up, becomes wealthy, is then let down by his wife and his wealthy friends and ends as the unwitting hero of a riot. (This is clearer on the blurb than in the book.) Karl, the son, is sympathetically drawn from the inside. He is a dumb ox, "to whom things are done," and the chapters which describe the break with his wife and the loss of his children are very moving. But when Paul, the revolutionary friend reappears, like the Djinn to Aladdin, he comes in on a cloud of symbolism and myth. It is meant to be very dramatic and powerful, but I did not find it so.

The remaining writers represent the British Front. *The Labour Leader* is a goodish plain portrait of such a man who is tempted by the sirens of another class. *Sub specie* T.U.C., it is competent. Politics are wide but party references are narrow, and the novelist writing the story of a man rising to the top of the Plymouth Brethren movement would be similarly circumscribed. Mr. Rhys Davies is of far livelier and more independent disposition, as I have already indicated. He takes an idealistic young doctor living in a mining valley in Wales and pushes him into the middle of the working-class conflict at the beginning of this century. The doctor breaks with his bourgeois girl, who is very well drawn—how well we know one another, we bourgeois!—marries a working-class girl—not so well known—and goes to live in the toughest slum of the town. There is some romantic wish-fulfilment going on here, but the material is excellent, in the first place because the Welsh are a nation of toughs, rogues and poetic humbugs, vivid in their speech, impulsive in behaviour and riddled with a sly and belligerent tribalism. Mr. Rhys Davies handles this expertly. He is passionate, athletic, comical and lyrical by turns. He is out in the streets when the windows smash. The doctor and his Daisy are romantic types, of course, presented without criticism. Indeed, original sin vanished from the leading people in political fiction; the only crimes and the only virtues are ideological. There are some excellent minor stories in the book, which is dramatic and alive from the beginning down to the marvellous New Year party at the end.

All middle-class young men (according to the doctrine) are political and emotional waverers. A vague homosexuality sways them. Bourgeois women, to put it plainly, are not strong enough meat. These young men want a minor Führer—Karl wants Paul, the Welsh doctor needs his working-class leader, Melville—and they all want a mother, a plain working-class woman without prejudices. The difficult young man in Mr. Toynbee's novel who has obeyed the Auden order to leave the colonels, the big houses and the hunting, is in the same state. He is breaking away. *The Savage Days* is in some ways a most distinguished first novel, a bit lame and *au grand sérieux*, but written in a good, nervous, speedy, narrative manner. Not many young novelists get into their stride so effectively. Real political complacency is, I suppose, a vice of the poor who are too busy earning their livings and I am therefore always rather incredulous at the tortured consciences and hearts of the near-Communist children of Mr. Auden's *rentiers*. But Mr. Toynbee persuades me of the reality of these people; he cuts out the introspection and displays a variety of characters. He has a really good portrait of a difficult and rather boorish young man and the tight-lipped, cultivated, small country house family he comes from. Alas, so convinced of that famous inevitability of working-class victory is he, that he takes a Wellsian and disastrous trip into the future where the revolution is neatly and comfortably breaking. This, of course, ruins the book, but nevertheless, here is a novelist of marked talent.

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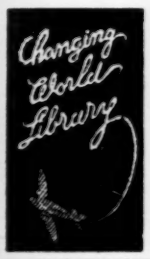

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EDWARD GREY

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Professor Trevelyan's book is a noble monument in the high Augustan manner. We are irresistibly reminded of those splendid tombs on which draped figures, admirably carved and symbolical of England and the Virtues, are shown weeping over an urn, beneath which exquisitely balanced sentences recount the career and celebrate the character of the deceased. "The writer of an epitaph should never be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath." One has no doubt that Professor Trevelyan has felt himself to be upon oath, and it would be rash to accuse him of saying anything but what is strictly true. But he has not adequately answered or even stated the case against Grey. And indeed at times, when reading his urbane narrative, one begins to wonder whether we really were launched by his hero into unspeakable horrors or whether the Great War is merely a horrid fiction invented by silly Socialists and pacifists.

The notion that Grey was a Machiavelli whose masterpiece was the outbreak of hostilities is too absurd to be entertained by anyone except a German or an Irishman. Indeed, if he had been less scrupulous or less profoundly anxious to preserve peace, it is possible that we might have entered the war in even more favourable conditions than we did. The student of pre-war diplomacy must feel that our Foreign Office, in comparison with other Powers, was sometimes unduly nice in its methods. Since our aims in essence were hardly nobler than theirs, since the cupidity of the old pirate who seeks to retain his loot is no less than that of the young pirate who seeks to take it from him, perhaps it would have been wiser to place a less high-minded man in charge of our policy. Like the present Government, the Liberal Government before the war wanted with passionate sincerity to preserve peace, but was unprepared to make any important sacrifices for this purpose. At the same time it must be admitted that then, as now, there was no certainty that such sacrifices would achieve their object.

In so far as Grey's policy submitted us to the gravest ordeal in our history, it was a failure. In so far as it enabled us to enter this ordeal in very favourable circumstances, it must be accounted a success. Professor Trevelyan quotes a very clear statement from Mr. Winston Churchill:

> There is no doubt to my mind that Grey definitely accepted the task of resisting the German power, and of making England play a decisive part in that. This led to the Great War of 1914. Had he taken a different course, he would not have prevented war, but it would have been a different war, either a few years earlier or a few years later under conditions about which it is vain to speculate. . . . His life's justification depends upon whether England ought to have done in 1914 what she did against Philip II of Spain, against Louis XIV and against Napoleon.

The case for Grey could not be better put. And in *Twenty-Five Years* Lord Grey himself paints a black picture, which it is difficult to refute, of what our position would have been if we had not intervened in 1914. The truth is that it was for us a preventive war. But it is dishonest of any man to condemn it upon this account, unless he is prepared to advocate the surrender of the Empire and of a large part of our wealth. Easy as it usually is to be wise after the event, no one has convincingly shown what alternative policy Grey ought to have adopted during the eight years after his accession to office. Perhaps a very great statesman might have persuaded the Powers that it would pay them to surrender the whole traditional policy of bluff and threats and so to compose their differences. But in face of post-war history this suggestion seems a little Utopian. The advantages of an alliance over an entente were certainly stronger than Professor Trevelyan allows. But a majority of Government supporters would not have approved, and such a policy would have entailed a coalition and the surrender of all the progressive legislation to which the Government rightly attached the utmost importance. It was, in fact, impracticable. And the case against Grey is that he did in fact procure for us all the disadvantages (and only some of the advantages) of an alliance, against the wishes of the majority which placed him in power.

The Anglo-French military conversations, and, incomparably more, the arrangement by which the French fleet withdrew to the Mediterranean, did in fact commit us, if not technically at least in honour, to the defence of France. And the Anglo-Russian naval agreement of 1914 completed the process. As the Russian Ambassador reported to his government, it substituted "for the hitherto far too theoretical and pacific base idea of the Entente something far more tangible." (King George rashly confirmed this impression, according to Sazonov, by telling him how in case of a conflict we should "sink every German merchantship we could lay hold of.") But when questioned in the House about these conversations and commitments, Grey devised an answer which he could perhaps persuade himself was not a downright lie, but which was indubitably intended to be deceitful. It was not that he wished to conceal the facts from Germany. He informed Lichnowsky that "as he had no wish to mislead him, conversations had taken place between the naval and military authorities." No, it was only the Parliament and public of his own country which he wished to mislead. Professor Trevelyan skates quickly away from this fact, but I doubt if he would deny its truth. It is of course possible to maintain that Grey was right to save the British democracy by a policy of which he knew it would not approve. And the Cabinet shared the responsibility, for they had been informed of all the conversations. But it seems that most of them, foolishly if you like, did not realise the implications. They had indeed in 1912 been sufficiently alarmed to insist on a formal interchange of letters with France about our commitments; whereupon Grey, or his advisers, used phraseology which reassured the innocent Liberals, and in fact committed this country either to war or to a breach of faith. If the Germans had not by invading Belgium converted the Government and the country to intervention, Grey's sleight of hand would have been exposed, and he would have resigned, a pitiable, not to say disgraceful, figure. "He was," says his biographer, "one whom fortune loved and hated out of the common measure." In this instance his good fortune was indeed immeasurable.

The question whether he could not have handled more skilfully the crisis which precipitated the war is by comparison unimportant. It has been said that he might have averted the catastrophe by making it more clear to the Germans that we should intervene, but he seems to have used repeatedly language as definite as was possible when the final decision must lie with Parliament. Already in December 1912 King George, as a hitherto

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unpublished letter in this book reveals, warned Prince Henry of Prussia that "under certain circumstances" we should fight with France and Russia against the Central Powers; and the German Emperor accepted this warning, observing characteristically that "he knew now where he stood; that he was always in favour of peace, but in view of the possible or probable attitude of Great Britain in future complications he could not be blamed if he were to make every preparation to meet every possible eventuality." During the crisis, Grey's language was equally comprehensible. Yet the Germans were really astonished by our decision. The reason for this may be (though Professor Trevelyan does not mention the report) that members of the British Government were privately assuring the Germans that in no circumstances should we fight. There was also, of course, the criminally violent language used by Carson and Bonar Law about Ulster, and the Ulstermen's declaration that the rule of the Kaiser would be preferable to that of their Catholic fellow-countrymen.

The charge that Grey did not exert pressure to prevent the Russian mobilisation is far more serious. In his own book he places the entire immediate responsibility for the war on the Central Powers. He maintains that the Russian mobilisation was neither unnecessary nor unreasonable, and seems not to have realised that it was equivalent to a declaration of war. (The Tsar had no such illusions.) Professor Trevelyan is of course aware that history has already laid very heavy responsibility upon Russia for mobilising, but again he quickly shies away from the subject after quoting the following remarks made by Grey to Mr. Gooch:

> After Germany refused the conference I could not put pressure on Russia. She was less prepared for war than Germany. If I had tried to hold back her military preparations, Sazonov would at once have said: Then will you help us when war comes?

To which the answer, it now seems, might have been "We certainly shan't help you if you do mobilise." At the same time it must be remembered that in the summer of 1914 our relations with Russia were exceedingly strained, and that if the war had been averted by such pressure, the effects upon the European alignment might have been disastrous for us. It is too often forgotten that the possibility of a Russo-German alliance at the expense of England and France, like that attempted at Björkoe, was a perpetual nightmare.

Professor Trevelyan describes admirably the conflict in Grey between his love of country pursuits and his public duty. ("I have never known in a man," said Mr. Gladstone, "such an aptitude for political life and such disinclination for it.") And the most successful part of his book is the picture, painted in the golden tones of a Richard Wilson, showing the Wordsworthian country gentleman far from the modern industrial world which he detested and despised, casting his flies and feeding his beloved ducks. Whatever one's judgment of the statesman, we are left with a great liking for the man. But the book is altogether too bland to penetrate deeply into the enigma of this charming, meditative, unintellectual, capable and indubitably high-minded character. There is no mention, for instance, of his significant and so Wykehamist suggestion that as a remedy for foreign intrigues foreign statesmen should be educated at an English public school. (It is a mistake for Secretaries of State to be proud of their French and to dash about the Continent, but is it not equally a mistake to understand nothing of the foreign mind and to entertain a complacent and insular sense of our moral superiority?) One is left wondering how far Grey himself faced the logical consequences of his own policy. Sir Arthur Nicolson knew; Mr. Churchill knew; whether Mr. Asquith knew has not been revealed; and one asks in vain whether Grey in his efforts to hoodwink his colleagues and supporters did not somehow succeed also in hoodwinking himself.

Finally I would suggest that the foreign politics of the ten years before the war cannot be too thoughtfully examined. Reading this book is painfully like studying an account of the final stages of a mortal disease which one has oneself contracted. It is true that the fear of war is now much more acute: Grey and Asquith loathed the idea of war, but they could not know how appalling the reality would prove. They did discover; and I cannot end this review more topically than with this quotation from Grey's autobiography:

> The enormous growth of armaments in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made war inevitable. This it seems to me is the truest reading of history, and the lesson that the present should be learning from the past.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE VOICE OF "THE TIMES"

History Through "The Times." Edited by SIR JAMES MARCHANT, K.B.E. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In a collection of leading articles ranging in dates from 1800 to 1937, Sir James Marchant has essayed to give a picture of the mind of the *Times* in its reactions to selected events between the end of the Treaty of Amiens and the Anglo-Italian gentleman's agreement which, in effect, wrote "finis" to the League of Nations. The selection has been made with discretion. The *Times* thus resurrected is not "the bloody old *Times*" of Cobbett's forceful detestation, but the *Times* on its best behaviour. The editor's introductory paragraphs before each selected "leader" are models of terse and lucid explanation. If much of the book makes dismally dull reading, it is because an undue proportion of the extracts are obituary notices. On such occasions, whether the corpse was royal or political, praised or blamed in life, Printing House Square could generally be trusted to do its stuff and to pontificate appropriately. Sonorous prose, but hardly worth the disinterring.

The truth is that, comparatively early in the nineteenth century, "The Thunderer" ceased to achieve its effects by violence of language. In 1815 its editorial columns speeded Napoleon on his way to St. Helena with a savage parting shot: an ex-tyrant of "inherent baseness," guilty of "horrible atrocities," was being "dealt with too leniently by the hand of man." Later, in a "leader" not selected by Sir James Marchant, the *Times* was to write of Charles X, in flight from Paris to England:

> We should have been glad if IKEY SOLOMONS could have been hung legally. . . . There is not a parish workhouse in England, a penitentiary or a bridewell that would not be disgraced by such an inmate.

Such forthright expressions of passionate opinion were exceptional. From "Peterloo" in 1819 to the General Strike of 1926 one finds the *Times* typifying the attitude of the most worldly wise section of England's ruling oligarchy—deprecating reactionary oppression whose fruits might be revolution, ready always to make concessions to demands for progress, provided that the essentials of power were retained.

Thus, in the Manchester riots of August, 1819, the *Times* criticised the excessive use of force by the Yeomanry, although "we abhor the principles of the Reformist leaders . . . we dislike and dread the objects and consequences of all such multitudinous meetings." Again, writing of the Reform Bill in March, 1831:

> The Tories must be mad not to catch at it as a boon—to seize it as a refuge from greater evils.

And to its motto of *suaviter in re* the *Times* added *parcere subjectis*, once it was assured that the class for which it spoke had nothing to fear from the defeated. It urged clemency for the Tolpuddle Martyrs as soon as "the pert projectors" of demonstrations for their release had been "sent back, chap-fallen and mortified." Its attitude, indeed, was sometimes humane. Thus, in 1842, on the need for better prisons:

> The State punishes because it is divinely bidden to do so; but it chooses such a mode of punishment as may best serve to improve the sufferer and terrify all. Which of these ends is effected by subjecting the convict to the slow, impalpable, undermining effects of cold, damp, insufficient food, clothing, air and exercise?

When, however, Reform became, as in 1848, a menace to the ruling class, the *Times* was stoutly convinced of the need for authority to conserve English institutions. Its account of the failure of the Chartist Movement was written with gusto; and in 1854, after the great strikes in Lancashire, the *Times*, although forced to concede that the defeated strikers had behaved well, wrote in terms foreshadowing the line it took in 1926:

> The men evidently committed a fault both in the form they gave to their original demand, and in the arguments by which they supported it. Their cry for an "unconditional 10 per cent. and no surrender" evinced an unreasoning spirit of dictation, and the remarks which their leaders occasionally allowed to escape them proved that their views included some utterly inadmissible doctrines respecting the "rights of labour."

If the *Times*, as distinguished from its more nakedly die-hard contemporary, the *Morning Post*, saw wisdom as a rule in giving the spirit of Conservatism an outward dress of what may be termed to-day "Baldwinian liberalism," it never evinced much faith in democracy. Commenting on the death of George III in 1820, it observed that "a democratic Sovereign would be a solecism in

Can you swallow this one?

'My dear Duke, after a Sole Exquise à la Bashibazouk, an Entrecote Ravissant à la Mussolini, and a Bombe Fantastique à la Franco, it would hardly be decent to smoke anything but a Greys.'

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nature " (as Edward VIII was to discover at the hands of Printing House Square); and, in 1851, its comment on Napoleon III's *coup d'état*, when Paris streets were red with blood, was :

> We view without surprise the ordinary results of democratic revolution.

Making concessions to the common herd, where downright refusal might have been dangerous, the *Times* welcomed the Education Act of 1870—not least because it foresaw for England " the advantages of an educated soldiery "—but to the Old Age Pensions Act of 1908 it was uncompromisingly hostile. The pockets of its friends were threatened.

> These fine schemes will increase unemployment, since men cannot spend upon payment of labour what the State takes out of their pockets. More unemployment, less production; in other words, less replenishment of capital. . . . It is a beautiful system of levelling down into general bankruptcy; but, happily, we may see its authors [the Liberal Government] insolvent before the nation is too hopelessly involved in their destructive schemes.

In this prophecy the wish was father to the thought, as it was in a leader of July 3rd, 1919 (omitted from this volume) in which the *Times* declared :

> For some time past it has been evident that Bolshevism has no future in Russia. . . . The experiment is sure to run down in six months or a year at the outside.

Nec nunquam dormitat Homerus : even the *Times* cannot always be right, but during the hundred and thirty odd years covered by Sir James Marchant's selections it has mirrored very faithfully the mind of that section of well-to-do England which has always been ready to do anything for the poor except get off their backs, and has tolerated democracy so long as " the right people " run it.

Ninety years ago a radical journal, *Lloyds Weekly*, wrote of the *Times* :

> It takes up no failing cause, fights no uphill battle, advocates no great principle, holds out its hand to no oppressed or obscure individual.

Three generations of readership later, there is little to add to that judgment.

AYLMER VALLANCE

BLUE ?

What a confusing word !

A bluestocking does not necessarily read only Blue Books. She does not wear a blue ribbon or carry a bluebag; she may not have blue blood; she is no relation to the Blue Boy (who did not go to the bluecoat school).

A bluestocking probably knows these facts. Do you? That blue dandelion is chicory? That Blue Monday is the one before Lent? That the Blue Saltire is the flag of Scotland? That the Blue Grotto is in Capri? That a blue fox is the name given to the Arctic fox during the phase in which its fur is bluish or smoky?

There are hundreds of uses of the word blue. They are all to be found set out clearly and concisely in 'WEBSTER' the invaluable encyclopedia-cum-dictionary.

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TWO LIVES

Kossuth. By OTTO ZAREK. *Selwyn and Blount.* 18*s.*
Marshal Ney. By PIERS COMPTON. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Kossuth deserves a briefer and more intelligent biography than this monotonous paean. He was not a mysterious person. When Mr. Zarek remarks that none of the early portraits of the Hungarian patriot has anything in common with those of Caesar or Cromwell, it would be idle to disagree. Neither Caesar nor Cromwell lived to be ninety-two, and Kossuth's longevity was not accidental. He had the chronic invalid's knack of preserving his vitality under difficulties : something in himself acted as a shock absorber of the emotions he could so easily generate in others. When at the age of fourteen he was moved to protest against a schoolmaster's tyranny; he did so with emphasis and forthwith rushed from the classroom. " No one tried to stop him. And yet there must have been a threatening fire in his eyes, a deathly pallor in his cheeks, for the dumbfounded teacher sent two other boys to fetch him back. They caught up with him on the bridge over the torrent of the Bodrog. He was in the act of throwing himself into the river." For, as Mr. Zarek characteristically adds, " he was ready to die for his wounded pride." A few years later, at twenty-one, Kossuth was again rescued from despair. This time the tyrant schoolmaster was replaced by the callous autocrats of Buda who refused the young aspirant a job, and the two officious schoolboys by the forsaken wife of Count Andrassy, a motherly lady of thirty, who for no less than seven years doubled the part of employer and mistress to her fortunate steward. A more complicated person would have emerged from this method of reaching the late twenties a good deal shop-soiled. Not so Kossuth the simple-hearted, blissfully immune from the torments of self-criticism. Thereafter he had only to perfect his technique, as politician, journalist or political prisoner, and preserve intact his one great gift, that of making the speech of the occasion. As in his far off schooldays, he needed to rouse him only the usual tyrant, but now between his protest and the rush from the room there was inserted that irresistible oration, stirring, if not always a continent, at least a crowd, an assembly, a province or a nation, always to ecstasy and sometimes to action. So all went well till in 1848 it was the schoolmaster and not the rebel who left the room, and Kossuth remained behind to bend the bow of Metternich. But not for long. A series of misfortunes leads straight to one last speech. " As Kossuth spoke the troops had fallen to their knees. Now they rose. Kossuth led the way." Once again it was the way to a bridge—the bridge from the Hungarian frontier into Turkey—and Kossuth crossed it to become (temporarily) Mr. James Bloomfield of Manchester. It was the beginning of another life of forty-four years.

Marshal Ney, who had only one life of forty-six years, has been more fortunate in his biographer : Mr. Piers Compton has mannerisms, but his portrait of the Marshal is sensible and sympathetic. Ney brings with him as strong a whiff of the French wars from Valmy to Waterloo as Kossuth does of liberalism and revolution from 1830 to 1848. Here was another simple soul redeemed from mediocrity by one gift. If Kossuth could always make a speech, Ney could always lead a charge. Allowing for the difference of trade the Marshal's survival into middle age is perhaps as fine a feat of longevity as Kossuth's ninety-two years. Ney enlisted at nineteen, got his commission after Valmy and was a general of division at thirty-five. But no amount of promotion could blunt his appetite for good plain fighting. He was forty-three, and a Marshal of France, when as leader of the rearguard in the retreat from Moscow he gave one of the supreme examples in the history of war of courage, endurance and resource. His was the kind of vitality which rises at a hint of danger and soars to meet privation and fatigue. It was Napoleon's job to plan the Moscow campaign. But when the plan went wrong and someone was needed to save it from total wreck then Ney came into his own. But it was the same Ney who three years later faced the French firing squad which shattered that charmed life. With the collapse of Napoleon, like Kossuth after the flight of Metternich, Ney was given a bow to bend which was too big for him. He had to plan his own campaign between the Bourbons and the Emperor : he could not see his way clear nor what was his job. Indecision exhausted and exasperated him as no hardships or horrors in Russia had done : he helped to spoil his own side's chances in the campaign of Waterloo and it was in a kind of paralysis that he waited in Paris till escape became hopeless. He was too good a soldier to cope with all this and that was why he missed his second life.

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SMALL BEER

My Story. By J. H. THOMAS. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

Mr. Thomas has not searched his soul in his book; it is mostly well-meaning anecdotage from an industrious apprentice whose energy and capacity to be what the Americans call a "good mixer" made him a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Thomas, we all know, was an able trade union leader of the old-fashioned sort; and his successes as a negotiator swung him into the House of Commons in the aftermath of the Taff Vale dispute. His account of his life tells us what happened to him there.

He met everybody and he enjoyed almost everything. Kings, peers, politicians, sportsmen—they cross his pages in crowded insignificance. He has a suitable reverence for the royal family. He thinks well of almost all the well-known public figures of our time. He has one or two interesting sidelights to contribute on two or three events like the Triple Alliance Strike of 1921 and the General Strike of 1926. He prints a revealing letter to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on the habits of Sir Oswald Mosley. He is at peace with most people of his time—above all of its monarchs and its princes. Now and again, as in his comments on the late Arthur Cook and on Mr. Ernest Bevin, he makes it clear that he could, if he wished, be unkind; but he is determined throughout to live on a high plane of generosity. The result is anecdotage that has not even the advantage of being inspired.

Autobiography is, of course, a very difficult art; the number of men who really know themselves is few. Some self-portraits are significant if only because the writer, in delineating himself, has, often unconsciously, painted a portrait which men at once recognise as the decisive picture of a type. Others are illuminating because the writer moved amid great events and is able to contribute significant footnotes to history. Mr. Thomas's book is none of these things. It is an ill-assorted rag-bag of oddments. There is nothing of his inner life, if he ever had one. There are no reflections upon his experience which stay in the memory. If Mr. Thomas has ever thought seriously about Trade Unionism, or the Labour Party, about the war or imperialism, there are no signs of it here. The book is a jumble of commonplaces from which any effective sign of personality is absent. It seems to have been thrown together to produce an impression of triviality. In this, at least, it is successful.

But it is a pity, for there is a real sense in which Mr. Thomas has been a representative man. No man has embodied better certain characteristics of British Trade Unionism. He is shrewd on immediate issues; he is a powerful figure in a Trade Union conference; and there are about him those qualities of "bounce" and hard-headedness which made Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Card* amusing and even memorable. If Mr. Thomas had told us something real about himself his book might well have been a real contribution to British history. Here, alas, he is largely innocent of thought; there is no real clue to the convictions he held. A panorama almost as impressive as a biographical dictionary passes by; as one reads one is almost tempted to wonder how Mr. Thomas—at least the Mr. Thomas who wrote this book—ever got there. He has not done justice to his own life, perhaps because he has never really thought about it. He cannot really be so empty of any philosophy as these pages suggest. Yet reticence has never, at least to the outsider, been one of Mr. Thomas's outstanding qualities. One is left asking oneself whether long years of Trade Union leadership and nearly thirty years in the House of Commons can amount to so little. What is here given us is almost wholly at the level of what one expects to find in those periodicals which most people read only when they have to wait in the outer room of a dentist's torture-chamber. Or does Mr. Thomas really think that he has told us something interesting here? If he does, that would certainly be the most revealing fact about his book.

HAROLD J. LASKI

SPRING FLY-FISHING

Sixteen British Trout Rivers. By F. W. PICKARD. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

The author of *Sixteen British Trout Rivers* is an American, and his book is the record of a long spring angling holiday spent in England. Of interest to the angler rather than the general reader it flourishes few natural history or literary pretentions, and gets straight down to flowing water and the mouth of the trout. Mr. Pickard has something to say, and he frequently doesn't bother half a dollar how he says it. Two terrible shocks to shake the aesthetic soul out of you occur on pages 24 and 102. What is the primary cause of the second upheaval? A bet, I suppose. Reviewers are supposed not to read a book attentively, and Chapter XVII of this one is only *two lines long*, with most of the page left blank:

> English weather in April: cold, with rain or snow; occasiona bright intervals. For May omit snow.

Well, Mr. Pickard has lost his bet, though if his book gets about he will have considerably added to the merriment of bar-parlours when anglers meet in the freezing spring. Even more than snow-broth and rain-flooded water he seems to dislike prolixity and "flowery" writing, and so he may expect further amused comments on things like this:

> The sheep and lambs have been mentioned. Cows abounded, but fortunately bulls did not mar the day.

In justice, however, to Mr. Pickard it must be said that the book for the most part grips the attention, and will be read through at a sitting. Here is plenty of rippling and dashing water, rising fly, and trout little and big (but chiefly little) darting and snatching at the artificial lure. He writes of the Barle, the Exe, the Usk, the Wharfe, the Ure, the Swale, the Eamont, the Derbyshire Derwent, the Dove, the Manifold, the Nidd, the Eden, the Welsh Wye, the Derbyshire Wye, the Lune, the Tavy, the Tamar, the Teify, etc. (rather more than sixteen swift waters in all). As the present reviewer has angled in the first eight of these rivers and large brooks he is in a position to say that Mr. Pickard is to be congratulated on the accuracy of his information.

Of particular interest is the chapter on the Derbyshire Wye, which is the only English stream where rainbow-trout have successfully established themselves. Introduced rainbows generally sidle down-stream, and finally disappear altogether; but in the Derbyshire Wye they have so much increased that they are ousting the native brown trout—to the possible regret of many anglers, who in April and the first half of May have to return most of their captures to the water, as the rainbows are not then in season with the brown trout. Mr. Pickard declares that in no stream of the Eastern U.S.A. has he seen quite so many rainbows. As the prevailing trout of America are the rainbow (*salmo irideus*) and *salmo fontinalis*, one feels that *salmo fario* (the brown trout) must, in most instances, have greater powers of generation, especially as there are plenty of British streams where there are surely more brown trout per mile than there are rainbows in the Wye per mile.

Alluring spring photographs, a list of expensive inns and hotels for the wealthy, and notes on American and English flies for the hesitant, put some finishing touches on the internal texture of this unusual and rather entertaining angling book.

HERBERT PALMER

A GREAT HISTORIAN

The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages: Vol. XXV and XXVI. By LUDWIG, FREIHERR VON PASTOR. Translated by DOM ERNEST GRAF, O.S.B. *Kegan, Paul.* 15s.

Pastor, the great Catholic historian of the Popes, must surely rank among the most respectable of all modern historians. If he lacks the fire and the style of the very greatest, Thucydides for example or Gibbon, yet he has a dignity which makes him always readable, and a power, amounting to a kind of genius, for breathing life into the vast bulk of his learning, so that it never degenerates into a mere catalogue of facts or firework-display of research. As one looks through the list of archives, manuscripts, and books referred to in his various volumes, one feels it must be impossible for the writer not to be submerged by such an *embarras des richesses*. But when we read his story we find that all his reading has been digested and fitted into its proper place. In this country, I think, only Professor Arnold Toynbee can carry such a mass of learning with such a comfortable air.

For scholarship is not merely the collecting and sifting of material, though that too is admirable and very useful. The great scholar is also a creative artist. Some of these, as Gibbon, see too clearly what they want to create, and make the facts subserve it. They are too impatient, or too sure, to let judgment wait upon knowledge. Pastor seldom makes this mistake. Although a Catholic and inevitably the apologist of the papacy, he is never merely a papal partisan. He is fundamentally honest. Mistakes must creep into any work on such a scale as this. One may not accept all his judgments, and further enquiry may lead

one subsequently to reject his conclusions. But, judged as an introduction to the study of the papacy "from the close of the Middle Ages," there is still no book nearly so impartial, so international in outlook, so human and so well documented as Pastor's History.

The last two volumes to appear in English, which are incidentally much inferior, judged as translations, to the previous volumes, and full of misprints, cover approximately the first quarter of the seventeenth century. They describe the brief reign of Leo XI and the long, troubled, but magnificent reign of Paul V, the first Borghese Pope, who rebuilt St. Peter's and left his mark all over Rome. By this time Europe has taken on the shape which, with slight modifications, she will retain for some two hundred years. England, Scotland, Scandinavia, the greater part of Germany are Protestant, and treating their Catholics little or no better than the Catholics had treated them during the century before. In France, Catholicism is in the ascendant, but Henry IV is looking for a *modus vivendi* with the Huguenots. Holland will soon be free and Protestant, to Paul's bitter disappointment. Of the Spaniards who swallowed her defiance he said, "They are the object of universal contempt and what respect they still commanded has been completely forfeited through the Dutch armistice by which they themselves owned to their helplessness." Spain's glory and her ascendancy in Rome are on the decline. Italy is divided between Spain and the Pope. The Jesuits are at work and, in the Protestant north, already hated. Science is emerging but has not yet learned impartiality, and with Galileo causes the Holy See no small inconvenience by meddling with theological questions. Altogether free speculation is having a thin time of it, wedged between the rigours of Reformation and counter-Reformation.

It was a difficult time for the Church. Her influence as an international power, in practice always shaky but during earlier centuries firmly accepted in theory at least, was rapidly declining. The Protestant nations desired her downfall, the Catholic her subservience to their national ambitions. And yet she had abated not a jot of her claim to universal spiritual suzerainty. And in all countries, even the most Protestant, there were still helpless individuals, true to the old faith, whom it was the duty and the desire of the Church to protect. It is easy to attack the policy of Pope and Curia during this period. The efforts of the Church, the methods used by her to reinstate herself in Protestant countries, her support of the Jesuits, her financial aid to the Emperor Ferdinand II against Bohemia; all these and many others are points on which the two parties must differ, even after the event, and which give to each side grievances against the other. It is probable, indeed very evident, that neither party was perfect, and that each was actuated by conscience in about an equal degree. That does not assume very much. The bother is that each can see too clearly where the other's conscience stopped and self-interest began. And Protestants especially have made too much use of righteous indignation in the past. Small wonder, then, if Pastor's superb impartiality is, in these two volumes, strained to its utmost, if an acrid note creeps into his voice, and if at times he seems to give undue space to proving that Protestants have been guilty of everything of which Catholics have ever been accused—even of disapproval of Copernicus. Historians are but human. Still it is a pity that these old quarrels should have the power to shake that lovely detachment which, in his earlier volumes, made him such a joy to read. Doubtless the ideal History of the Popes will be written, if ever, by some far future scholar to whom Catholicism and Protestantism alike will be as "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

FLORA GRIERSON

NEW NOVELS

Very Heaven. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
The Picnic. By MARTIN BOYD. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
The Dance Goes On. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.
Ninepenny Flute. By A. E. COPPARD. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
The White Farm. By GERAINT GOODWIN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
"Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" By LOUIS PAUL. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

These were the first modern novels I had read for some months; and except for a few short stories they seemed a poorish lot. No one but a Sunday reviewer expects masterpieces to rain

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into his lap like plums in August; the humbler critic, wisely forgetful of Art, Turgenev and All That, is contented with a little documentary interest, a slice of unfamiliar life, something to make him exclaim: "Fancy, I never knew that." Even so, only one of these novels made me forget when it was tea-time, and that was Mr. Boyd's *The Picnic;* it is indeed the practised hands who are the most disappointing.

Mr. Aldington, for example: one expects something from a new novel by him. In *Very Heaven* a young intellectual named Chris is compelled by the financial failure of his incompetent father to abandon a promising university career; he finds his wretched family wallowing in emotional scenes, squabbling, drinking, doing anything rather than face the situation. He leaves them in disgust, and the rest of the book describes his attempts to find a job, the marriage of his sister to a wealthy boor who gives her venereal disease on their honeymoon, and his own fumbling steps towards emotional and sexual satisfaction, culminating in the discovery of a grand girl called Martha. She wants to have an affair with him, and at length she does, but not before she has listened to pages of speechifying from Chris in the manner of a Shavian preface:

> It's about time humanity grew up. Knowledge and acceptance are real wholesomeness in matters which concern our bodies, as they are in everything else. I'm *not* disgusted by the facts of your womanhood, but on the other hand I'm not prepared to make you the heroine of a private epitsychidion of my own . .

And so on for some ten pages. When after an unexpected lapse into pure Coward ("It's a gay thing. Let's try to keep it gay and sweet") they get to bed at last, it is as though someone had turned off the wireless. Of course, the desperate priggishness of Chris would not matter if he were meant to be a prig, but obviously he is not. His family are the merest Aunt Sallies; indeed, with the exception of a crazy millionaire, all the minor characters lack solidity. Little things give them away. The classics tutor, when he wants to swear, says "Dash my buttons"; Chris writes an enormous letter to an undergraduate who seems to be his closest friend, and begins it "Dear Hoade": a little later he thinks of him as "old Geoff." Even the millionaire, who is a *bon vivant* with a nice taste in vintages, speaks of Lacryma Christi as a sherry.

The Picnic is an adroit piece of work, having, if no great depth, a unity and charm of its own. It presents a varied picture of English village society, a water-colour in which all the figures are credible and distinct: Mr. Boyd has both an eye and an ear for character. This little world is invaded by Australians (mother, rich aunt, two boys—a sensitively studied group); they take the Hall to which in fact they have hereditary claims. The boys occupy the centre of the picture—Wilfred, voluble, enthusiastic, artistic, and Christopher, a big and beautiful dynamic bore, in fact our old friend *homo Laurentianus* all over again. I knew it as soon as I saw him standing in the orchard:

> The place seemed not so much a mirror of himself as himself to be part of the place. The same rhythm was in them both. In his body was a strange blending of peace and of power and of desire.

At length the great inarticulate creature bashes poor articulate Wilfred on the head, and nearly kills him. I'm not complaining, Laurentian young men undoubtedly exist; but I hope novelists will give them a rest, for, like all types, the more they are written about the more of them there seem to be (this is an established literary law); and they are potential Fascists one and all.

Magnolia Street I thought an excellent book, but *The Dance Goes On* is not so much a novel as a film scenario. The story follows familiar lines: the great Russian dancer, the idolised, comic, terrifying *maestro*, the devoted old nurse, the pale, determined lover for whom she cannot quite renounce her art so that he flings himself with redoubled vigour into revolutionary plots, the Revolution itself (admirably sketched in), prison, escape, farewell in a hut on the Finnish frontier to lover, brother, Russia. Everything a director could ask for is there, including the usual scenes of St. Petersburg gaiety, dominated by a splendid old-style balletomane who puts our Sadler's Wells fans sadly to shame:

> "I'm glad she came," Prince Reginsky exulted. "To-night I will kiss her above the wrist. In a month I shall have kissed her under the lobes of those pretty ears. In six months I shall have forgotten her." He flicked a crumb delicately from his cuff. "No, no," he added, "I shall not have forgotten her. She is, after all, a very talented dancer."

Basil Rathbone, surely?

Short stories, of the kind that bear printing in a volume at all, are so uncommercial a proposition that it is not surprising if they aim higher than most novels. Both *Ninepenny Flute* and *The White Farm* aim high, and both contain a good proportion of successes. Mr. Coppard's title-story is a little masterpiece, beautifully exact in idiom and temper; and one or two others, notably *The Halfyard Ham* and *Hannibal's Bust* are almost as good. I liked less the author's excursions into fantasy, and a few "still-lifes" are so elaborately pointless that I fear someone may have been telling Mr. Coppard that he is "the English Chekov." Nevertheless this is a distinguished collection; and so are Mr. Goodwin's stories of Wales and the Welsh marches. Hitherto I knew him only as the author of the highly entertaining *Conversations with George Moore;* these expositions of Welsh rural character are original and often beautiful. His people are sly and deep and real; he excels in the quarrels of inarticulate lovers, even holding our interest through stretches of aggressively bucolic dialogue. The country itself, too, comes vividly to life; rainy mountains and stone chapels and remote farms.

"*Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!*" is American picaresque, and a good specimen of its kind, abounding in that extravagant verbal humour which remains America's greatest contribution to the arts. When the book opens, Resin Scaeterbun, a young man with poetic leanings, is fighting in France. While he is enjoying himself behind the lines with a cheerful middle-aged French tart, he is suddenly startled by the silence: the guns have stopped, it is the Armistice. Back in America he founds a Rabelaisian paper called *Gusto* and, with the assistance of a fantastic Wop lawyer called Florio Marsala, lands himself in prison. After that he goes the usual bum rounds, interspersed with some good inconsequent talk, and a few lively episodes which would not have disgraced *Gusto* itself. The effect is as though Eric Linklater had been adopted as an honorary Marx Brother. "Try reading it aloud!" say the publishers enthusiastically; but I doubt if it's quite as good as all that.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SHORTER NOTICES

The Flight of an Empress. WU YUNG. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Wu Yung who told his story of his association with the Old Buddha to an intelligent listener, who set it down, must be a charming character. He is still alive, surrounded by his family, living in, we hope, prosperity in the last crumbling of the days he knew before the arrival of the mechanisation of leisure. It is for this leisure and for his understanding of life that we like him so enormously. The difficulties of the flight from Peking, the resourcefulness of the Dowager Empress, her pleasure in food, in the arts, in herself, seem very vivid, when seen through the eyes of someone whom she admired for his honesty and wisdom. And Wu Yung's own life as a local magistrate forms a delightful background to the complexity of the Court. There is something curiously attractive to the reader in the early picture of this humanitarian sifting his evidence, delivering his judgments with the knowledge that he is going to be projected into a whirlpool of intrigues, lies and dishonesty; and when we find that he emerges unscathed and that when one of his enemies endeavoured to impeach him, the Dowager Empress refused flatly to listen to the charge, we feel that our estimate of the amiable old gentleman was not wrong, and that he was one of those rare characters who find early in life a true sense of values and keep it.

The People's Year Book, 1937. *Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.* 3*s.* cloth; 1*s.* paper.

This excellent annual makes its twentieth appearance, and it keeps up its usual high standard. It contains all the regular information and statistics about the various Co-operative enterprises in this country; sections dealing with co-operation abroad; and a number of special articles by experts on social and economic subjects. Amongst these are Nutrition, Population, Armaments, the new Soviet Constitution, and British Trade Unions. The consumers' Co-operative Movement is to be congratulated on its progress. The retail societies in 1935 (the latest date for which the figures are available) had an aggregate membership of close on 7½ million, which represents an increase of over 280,000 on 1934 and is actually double the total of twenty years ago. Trade figures have also advanced; the total for 1935 reached the stupendous sum of £220,000,000.

Chinese Jade Throughout the Ages. By STANLEY NOTT. *Batsford.* £2 2*s.*

The only value of this book lies in its recension of passages from previous books and in its group of illustrations, though it includes among these some pieces of doubtful antiquity. The question of dating Jades belonging to the early periods of Chinese art has not yet been sufficiently explored. Far too little attention is paid to the correspondence in types of pattern with those on ritual bronzes. Mr. Nott seems rather uncertain of his styles, and the *pi* on Plate XVII is certainly not before the Han dynasty, while the blades on Plate XVI quite certainly are. One of the chief lacunae in the study of Jades is the period between the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960–1279) and the Ch'ing (A.D. 1644–

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

THE Annual Meeting of the Members of the Institution was held in London on Wednesday. Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., Chairman, presiding, said (in part):

Regarding cheap money and low interest rates, I view with satisfaction the recent indication of an end of the period of abnormally low figures. There was until quite recently a danger that the authorities, with the acquiescence of the big banks, might endeavour to prolong the period of cheap money unduly.

A good deal is heard to-day of the respective merits or demerits of democratic or fascist or communistic forms of government from the political point of view, but all too little is said of the bearing of these arguments upon economics and finance. If it is agreed that the practical daily control of the money market is a proper or beneficial or possible function for government, then two observations are permissible. The first that governments can, at any time, alter their standards of conduct by their own legislation and in this respect, in theory at least, one government is just as good or bad as another. The second that the true purpose of learning is to learn how much there is to learn, but the study of modern economics is now more concerned with how much there is to make by new and untried methods.

There is another aspect of the problem. When the price of money and the rate of exchange were left to the mercy of the law of supply and demand the workings of the money market were subjected to the fierce light of full publicity. By contrast to-day we have the spectacle of five Bank chairmen humbly guessing as to what may be in the minds of the dictators who work behind the impenetrable veil of the secret Exchange Equalisation Fund.

The Chairman then referred to the recent slump in interest rates and continued, cheap money has a double effect upon the insurance market. It increases the desire for insurance, but it also puts a strain upon the managers of insurance funds.

ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

Last year the book figure of £23,000,000 at which our Life Fund stood was appreciably below the real value of our assets. We possessed a substantial reserve against the drop in market prices which will follow an increase in interest rates. The year 1936 did witness a slight fall in security values, so that you might expect to hear that your secret reserves had been called upon to some small extent. On the contrary, no less than three-quarters of a million was added to our appreciation during 1936. This is, of course, quite apart from, and in addition to, the £800,000 increase in our funds shown in your accounts.

The Chairman then dealt at length with changing investment values and made interesting comparisons relating to the gold output, commodity prices and interest rates, between the past ten years and the last ten years of the nineteenth century. He continued: Regarding new business, it is gratifying to report that once more all previous records have been broken. Our satisfaction in this result is increased by the fact that the new business of 1936 is of a more satisfactory character, in that half a million of Children's Optional Assurances have been replaced by genuine Endowment Assurance at rates of premium five or six times as large as those on the business it replaces. I am also happy to report that in 1936 there was a satisfactory rise in the amount of Whole Life Assurance written by us.

For purposes of uniformity we show each year in the Report the ratio of the working expenses to total premiums received. This is not altogether a satisfactory index, as it is liable to be distorted both by the amount of new business and by the amount of Single Premiums received. For our own guidance we calculate what the rate of expense is after excluding entirely the disturbing influence of new business. For some time past this has shown a slightly decreasing tendency and you will be glad to know that 1936 shows no departure from the rule.

Both gross and net rates of interest earned on the Life Assurance Fund show a rise of one penny as compared with the rates earned in 1935. It is gratifying to find that the mortality of our members during the past year has been decidedly lighter than the general average and appreciably better than that of the previous year.

Finally, a word or two as to the character of our business. Your Institution is, as you would expect, leading the way towards improvements and perfections in life assurance. We have recently devised and introduced to the public a new form of policy which we have called the Double Security Pension Policy. Under this contract the income commences at the death of the assured and continues for twenty years certain from that date, while in addition, if the widow survives the guaranteed period the income continues until her death. That is the case under the Whole Life contract. If the Endowment form is selected, the husband, on attaining the Endowment age, may draw the income himself for twenty years certain and it will continue so long thereafter as either he or his wife lives. A lump sum may be taken in place of the income benefits and provision is included for maintenance of dependants should both parents die prematurely. We believe this policy marks a definite step forward in the practice of life assurance.

The Report and accounts were adopted.

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Such work costs time & patience, sympathy & skill, and it costs money. The costs for the year ending March 31st are £208.000, and without special help we shall be £11.000 short.

Will you help to avoid retrenchment, and take some share in this constructive national service of making future citizens efficient and worthy of their country?

The children cannot thank you themselves. May I thank you for them?

Yours very sincerely,

John W. Gillett
Principal.

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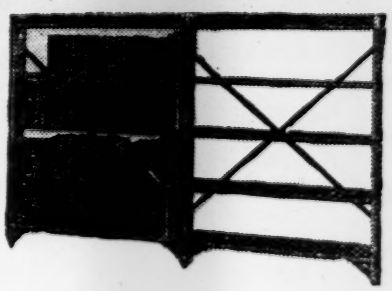

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1912). Mr. Nott makes an effort to fill up the gap, but it must be admitted that the results are in a large number of cases unsatisfactory (Plates XXXIII, XXXVI, XXXVII, XL, XC, CXXXV being particularly unfortunate examples), while his efforts to define the characteristics of the Ming period are both dogmatic and like a certain historian's presentation of the Canary Islands to the Roman Empire, wholly unsupported by fact or probability. Why early Ming should be said to show "solidity combined with grotesque refinement" or what it means passes comprehension, while that in the middle-Ming period "a definite external influence is manifest" needs considerable elucidation. The general character of his conclusions may be summarised in his own description, in which he imagines a graph visualising the rise of ceramic art. "Peaks occur in our comparative imaginary graph," he says, "from which an interesting deduction may now be made. As Ceramics arrive at a peak of charm, so within a century or even within a shorter period of time, a peak of similar importance is found in the Jade carver's art." *Verb. sap.* The coloured plates are disagreeable in tone, and the idea of the end-papers reproducing in green a pattern from an object is taken from Sir Percival David's catalogue, while the first paragraph of the jacket blurb is lifted without acknowledgment, though with some minor alterations in wording, from Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's article on Jade in *Chinese Art*, 1935. It is difficult to understand what Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith's introduction is doing in this *galère*.

Week-end Competitions

No. 365

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best "This England" quotations from famous writers of the past.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 19th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 363

Set by Sylvia Lynd

Now that advertisement has become an art which employs so many expert practitioners, a dictionary of its language grows daily more necessary. As a beginning, we shall award a prize of £2 2s. and a second prize of half a guinea for the best translation of the following terms for the sub-section entitled House Agents: Rural.

1. An attractive little property.
2. Prettily situated.
3. Solidly built.
4. Ripe for restoration.
5. In charming really unspoilt country.
6. Orchard, outbuildings, piggeries, etc.
7. Convenient for church and shops.
8. Not isolated.
9. Enjoying entire seclusion.
10. On the bank of a pretty stream.
11. Above flood level.
12. Excellent well.
13. Bathroom.
14. Main water near.
15. Electricity expected.
16. Modern drainage.
17. On the slope of a hill.
18. On the slope of a hill and affording magnificent views.
19. A small expenditure will convert into delightful week-end retreat.

Report by Sylvia Lynd

I was delighted to recognise among the descriptions of country cottages brought together by this competition, so many of the attractive little properties that I myself have viewed. House agents' offices must ring all day with merry laughter as the clerks think out, or up, as they perhaps prefer to say, their hoaxes. Many a laugh have we house-hunters shared with them and it is only fair that they for a change should share a few with us—a courtesy all the easier to extend as in their case the preliminaries will not have been long, fruitless, costly days on roads or railways. A laugh, however, that sudden glory, is always good, and seldom does a house-agent fail to excel with his reality our most pessimistic prognostications or to keep his element of surprise as fresh as ever. Sometimes we may find disconcerting fragments of candour among the advertisements of unskilled agents, "view across miles of interrupted country"; one such specification that I have seen ran and another stated simply "bathroom with bath"; but it is seldom that they falter. I felt, as I read the entries to this competition, a comradely glow, a Crispin's feeling, remembering all those maps, side-roads, askings at post-offices, backings down sinuous lanes, extra fifteen mileses, and futile returns, which prefaced the attractive little properties. I miss my own particular "etc." from the interpretation of "Orchards, outbuildings, piggeries, etc," which was on one occasion a pig actually in residence, but for the rest this dictionary is drawn from a large stock of common experience, and if to understand implication is the mark of a civilised mind, my competitors are among the most civilised of their country.

(1) An attractive little property:
  (*a*) Any house for sale or to be let.
  (*b*) A small asbestos bungalow.

(2) Prettily situated:
  (*a*) Large tree close to house.
  (*b*) A long way from the station.

(3) Solidly built:
  (*a*) Indicates sheer ugliness before which even the house-agent himself blenches.
  (*b*) Term is applied most frequently to three-storey and basement villas of red-brick built circa 1885.

(4) Ripe for restoration:
  Condemned as insanitary by the local authorities.

(5) In charming really unspoilt country:
  No purchaser has yet been found for the adjoining site.

(6) Orchard, outbuildings, piggeries, etc.
  Half an acre of nettles with 15 fruit trees all over 40 years old and unpruned for the last 30 years, littered with sundry dilapidated wooden buildings, one or more of which will contain parts of an iron bedstead, two punctured zinc baths, and the front half of a velocipede.

(7) Convenient for church and shops.
  In the High Street.

(8) Not isolated:
  In a row of semi-detached villas.

(9) Enjoying entire seclusion.
  (*a*) Heavily surrounded by laurels.
  (*b*) In very close proximity to, and overlooked by a number of other houses from which it is screened by a hedge, fence or wall, the inadequacies of which may be more or less concealed by the ingenious use of trellis (mixed) rustic and other poles etc. in conjunction with certain odds and ends (wire predominant); the assumption being that any slight irregularities in the screen will quickly be concealed by a mass of highly decorative foliage and/or bloom.

(10) On the bank of a pretty stream.
  Not above flood level.

(11) Above flood level.
  (*a*) That extra two feet saves this residence from the fate of its stuccoed and castellated neighbours.
  (*b*) A passing reference to the eaves of the house.

(12) Excellent well.
  All water must be boiled. If well runs dry in summer, or is unfit for drinking purposes, may be described as "good" rather than excellent.

(13) Bathroom.
  (*a*) Room containing hip-bath.
  (*b*) Room in which previous owner is alleged to have bathed.
  (*c*) Any compartment, not excluding the kitchen or scullery, containing a bath which should have two taps and a waste, one tap at least having running water (if the water is running).
  (*d*) Implies a room but not necessarily a bath therein. If a bath, not necessarily water laid on.

(14) Main water near.
  "Near" in this context means two miles away. If it were only one mile off it would be described as "immediately available at a trifling cost."

(15) Electricity expected.
  (*a*) Enquiries locally will fail to elicit by whom expected and when.
  (*b*) This generally means there is no gas either.
  (*c*) See reports Central Electricity Commission, Charges, Infinity, Iniquitous and Unit.

(16) Modern drainage.
  Term covering an infinite variety of noisome contrivances.

(17) On the slope of a hill.
  On the North slope of a hill.

(18) On the slope of a hill and affording magnificent views.
  (*a*) The same but higher up and bleaker.
  (*b*) Wants under-pinning.
  (*c*) If the views include prospect of Agent's own boards, substitute "unparalleled" for "magnificent."

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"THE POET," March-April number. Price 10d., post free. Includes Cash Prize Competition. Specimen copies. Two back magazines for 6d. THE CELANDINE PUBLISHING CO., Larch Brook, Balerno, Midlothian.

(19) A small expenditure will convert into delightful week-end retreat.

(*a*) No road—no water—no sanitation—no telephone—no electricity—no gas.

(*b*) Subject to the withdrawal of the demolition order, the following only will be required : pump, sink, bathroom, closets, damp-courses, enlarged windows, new doors, new chimney stack, new thatch, new north wall and garage (subject to everything being thirty feet from the road).

(*c*) For small expenditure read about £2,000.

I thank Messrs. and Mesdames Grimshaw, Ahem, Sheppard, Perry, Lloyd, Nicholls, T.K., D.S.M.D., and any others from whom I have quoted ; apologise to any from whom I have quoted whose names I have forgotten to mention ; award the first prize to M. L. Mitchell from whom I have quoted most freely, and the second to Mr. John Stevenson, General Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents, for his audacity, not to say cynical effrontery, in entering this competition.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 219.—CLOTH OF GOLD

By F. Mortimer Wentworth.

" In our country," said my Baruvian friend, Pembo, " a Pontiff is elected annually."

" Indeed ? " I said.

" Yes," said Pembo. " But he is eligible for re-election. Our last eight Pontiffs have each held office for a different number of years. One of these, Omniscient III, held office for a number of years which is the square of the number of years for which another one, Humble V, held office. Each of the others had a longer spell of office than Humble V, but not so long a spell as Omniscient III."

" What do I have to do about it ? " I asked.

" I'm giving you the materials for a problem. Please take careful note of what follows next.

" Each year, on the anniversary of his election, a Pontiff presents to the Consistory so many square ooms of cloth of gold. The number of square ooms he presents is the square of the number of years he has been a Pontiff. For example, if he has been three years a Pontiff, he presents nine square ooms.

" Now here's where my data gets interesting. At the end of a Pontificate—by which I mean the period during which a single Pontiff has held office—the cloth of gold he has presented to the Consistory is divided equally among his Chamberlains, or their heirs, should any happen to have died. (The Pontiff has a different Chamberlain every year.) And now I come to the point, Caliban. During these last eight Pontificates every single Chamberlain (or his heirs) has received an integral number of square ooms of cloth of gold."

How many Chamberlains in all have held office during the eight Pontificates ?

PROBLEM 217.—THE SIX DINERS

By A. G. Stripp.

Draw a circle to represent the plan of the table, and number the seats, in clockwise order, 1 2 3 4 5 6 ; then 4 is opposite 1, 5 is opposite 2, and 6 is opposite 3.

Put the owner of the Standard at 1. Then Brown is at 2, and Rose is at 6 ; the owner of the Vauxhall is at 5, Green is at 4, and the owner of the Armstrong Siddeley, i.e., the Stockbroker, is at 3. Since Rose owns a Lanchester, not a Riley, the Stockbroker is not Grey ; hence he is either White or Black.

(a) Suppose the Stockbroker is White. Then Brown is the Doctor. Black, opposite the Engineer, cannot be at 5 ; ∴ Black must be at 1, and Green is the Engineer. Grey is at 5, Rose is the Architect, and Brown is the owner of the Riley. Green must own the Ford, ∴ Black is the Civil Servant, and Grey must be the Bank Manager.

(b) Suppose the Stockbroker is Black. Then Rose is the Engineer. White, on the Doctor's left, cannot be at 1 ; ∴ White must be at 5, and Green is the Doctor. Grey is at 1, Brown is the Architect, and Green is the owner of the Riley. Brown must own the Ford ; ∴ White is the Civil Servant, and Grey must be the Bank Manager.

It is impossible to tell without one further clue whether the correct identifications are those of (a) or of (b) ; but that is not the question—in either case, *Grey is the Bank Manager.*

PROBLEM 216.—THE VEGETARIAN LEAGUE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : Dr. W. B. Orr, 37, Hallgate, Cottingham, E. Yorks.

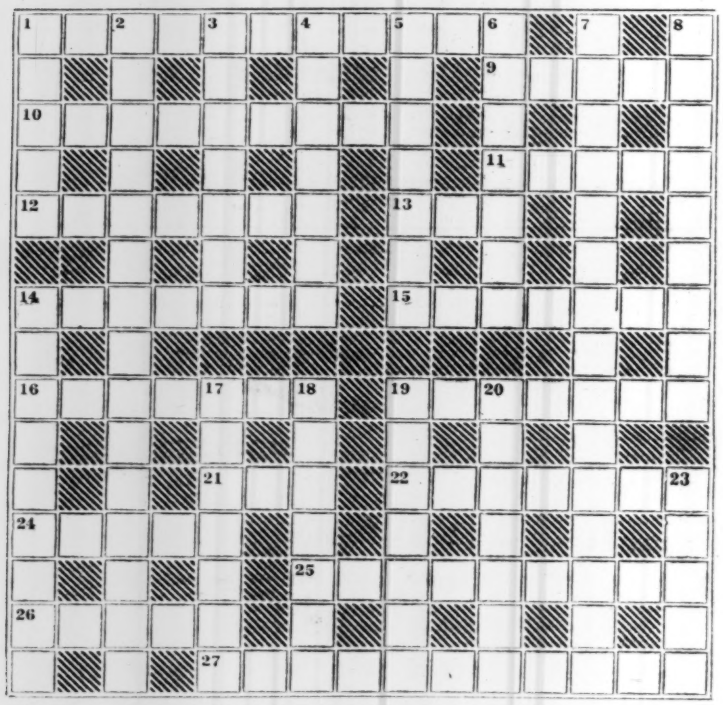
Five points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 366

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. L. Symonds, 8 Tremena Road, St. Austell, Cornwall.

ACROSS

1. Artistic dish for the policeman.
9. An untruth about a foreigner.
10. Would be at home at Oxford presumably.
11. The internationally conventional place.
12. Gives one a foothold on the mount.
13. He asks one to act.
14. Had a scheme for severely shocking Parliament.
15. Playroom for paying guests.
16. Groused, perhaps, in springtime on the moors.
19. Fashionable extremity—of death ?
21. Goes in front of Mr. Winkle's conveyance.
22. No doubt consists simply of a death-bed scene.
24. Suggests that they who dared are in the dust.
25. Archers to band themselves together.
26. The morning always produces a ruler.
27. Cinderella's hurried departure was not prompted by her fear of missing this.

DOWN

1. Visits for maids in the morning or mistresses in the afternoon.
2. Game punishment for the cat ?
3. Performances demanded by the public.
4. Nosey Parker will look after the Apostle.
5. There's evidently no free beer.
6. The lot unit-edly described.
7. His young friends see to it that he has a short rule.
8. Exercise for the squatter.
14. The sort of headgear that always turns up.
17. Cheaper turbot gives one internal upset.
18. The M.O. got up with a plaid wrapped round him.
19. A boring operation that produced good clothes ?
20. Our little ones have their day, according to Tennyson.
23. He sounds like a military march.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	E	S	T	E	R	C	E	■	H	E	A	R	U	S
H	■	O	■	Y	■	O	■	S	■	F	■	U	■	O
I	L	L	R	E	P	U	T	E	■	F	O	R	E	L
M	■	O	■	B	■	N	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	F
M	I	N	A	R	E	T	■	V	A	N	I	L	L	A
E	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	I	■	D	■	D	■	■
R	A	I	L	W	A	Y	A	C	C	I	D	E	N	T
E	■	G	■	■	■	C	■	E	■	■	A	■	U	
D	A	N	G	E	R	O	U	S	C	O	R	N	E	R
■	■	O	■	B	■	T	■	T	■	B	■	■	■	N
W	O	R	N	O	U	T	■	A	S	S	A	G	A	I
H	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	T	■	C	■	H	■	P
E	N	N	U	I	■	G	U	I	D	E	P	O	S	T
L	■	C	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	N	■	U	■	O
P	E	E	L	E	D	■	U	N	D	E	R	L	I	P

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE FRENCH DEFENCE LOAN—OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH INDUSTRIAL EQUITIES—SMELTERS AND BASE METAL SHARES

THE City doubts whether M. Blum will persuade many foreign investors to subscribe to the French Government's Defence Loan even if it affords a yield one per cent. or more higher than that of our 3½ per cent. War Loan. British institutions have unhappy memories of French Government stocks, and the private gentlemen of the investment world no longer prefer bonds. M. Blum, by unpegging the franc and by offering the gold-profit bribe to French nationals repatriating their gold, has, in fact, done his best to start a boom in French equity shares. France is no longer to be a drag upon world recovery, but an active participant in the world inflation of commodity and share prices. The National Defence Loan is to enable France to increase her expenditure on armaments, that is, by restricting the available output of civilian goods and services, to increase the cost of living. The same is happening in Great Britain and in all the seven great military countries, whose combined expenditure on armaments is now approaching the astronomic figure of £3,000 millions a year. Clearly, this is not a time to invest in bonds but in booming equity shares. Of course, the French nationals who are holding gold in London to the amount of £100 millions or more would do well to exchange from their non-interest bearing hoards to a high-yielding loan, especially as M. Blum not only allows them to retain their gold profit but guarantees them against currency depreciation by making the bonds payable in dollars or sterling as well as in francs; but the French speculators who long ago exchanged their gold for commodities or commodity shares in other countries will find French equity shares far more attractive than National Defence bonds.

* * *

The further decline which occurred this week in gilt-edged stocks, British industrial equities and certain dividend-paying gold shares has been attributed generally to French selling. There may have been some Continental liquidation, probably in anticipation of French selling, but the decline in British industrial shares has an adequate domestic explanation. Stale or nervous "bulls" have been steadily selling for a variety of reasons. First, the next account is an unpopular three-weeks' account covering the Easter holidays, and it is followed by the Budget account. Secondly, Mr. Neville Chamberlain has become the stock-market bogy-man. The City fears 3*d.* or more on the income tax, with possibly an excess profits tax, with something extra on beer, tobacco and petrol thrown in to maintain the balance between direct and indirect taxation. Thirdly, there is a growing belief that a higher rate of interest is inevitable which will necessitate higher yields on the leading industrial shares. These alarms may cause British industrial shares to sink lower before the Budget, but we would not be surprised to see Budget day itself bring about a sharp recovery. In the first place the Budget is not likely to be very objectionable for the investor. Allowing for £80 millions to be borrowed through the Defence Loan, the net increase in expenditure next year for which the Chancellor will have to provide is less than £30 millions. The normal expansion of existing revenues should provide £25 millions, so that if the Chancellor is to add 3*d.* to the income tax (about £15 millions) he will be budgeting conservatively. In the second place, the increase in Government spending can only accelerate the rise in commodity prices and enlarge industrial profits. Mr. H. D. Henderson, in his wireless talk on rearmament and rising prices, pointed out that as we try to consume more useful goods (as our national income rises) when there is no greater supply of useful goods for us to consume (an increasing part of our productive resources being diverted to armaments), prices are apt to go sky-rocketing. At least, he added, for some time to come the prevailing economic conditions are likely to be those of boom, or very active trade, with profits and dividends good, employment good and wages rising. It is not, therefore, logical to sell sound British industrial equities at the present time. Only a very slight increase in dividends would meet the higher yield required by the fall in gilt-edged stocks.

* * *

Of course, much greater care is now needed in the selection of industrial equities. The stable-dividend shares are to be avoided if their yield is comparatively low, and the stores and trading companies whose profits are adversely affected by the rise in raw material costs or wages are no longer attractive. Coal shares, certain engineering and armaments shares and the shares of companies such as Turner and Newall and Shell Transport, which are producers of the raw material as well as manufacturers and distributors of the finished product may be regarded as attractive equity holdings. The following table gives the present market prices and yields on estimated dividends for a select number:

	Last Earnings.	Last Dividend.	Estimated Dividend.	Present Price.	Gross Yield % on Est. Dividend.
Babcock & Wilcox £1 ...	11.2	8	10	50/3	3 19 6
Bolsover £1	19.3	11	13	50 –	5 4 0
Firth-Brown £1 ...	21.6 net	12½ net	17½ net	91/3	5 0 9
Shipley Collieries £1 ...	18.4	8	10	40/6	4 18 9
Shell Transport £1 ...	17.5	17.5 net	20 net	7*	4 10 0
Turner & Newall £1 ...	20.9 (A)	17½	22½	105/6	4 5 3

(A) Adjusted. * Cash Bonus

These shares may not be so attractive as some base metal shares, but they are less speculative.

* * *

Cautious investors who wish to take an interest in base metals but feel scared by the high prices of the metals and of the shares which we recommended last week, may be disposed to consider a purchase of the smelting companies as a safe alternative. Smelting profits depend primarily on the volume of metal smelted, but some companies have an interest in rising metal prices under sliding scale agreements. Consolidated Tin Smelters earned in the year ended 30th June, 1936, 12.6 per cent. on its ordinary shares and paid 7 per cent., the same rate as for the previous year. The profits of this company appear to vary according to the volume of the metal smelted. In the year covered by the last accounts the International Tin quota averaged 80 per cent., whereas the current quota is 100 per cent. It is not to be expected that this smelter's profits will expand by 25 per cent., since the company smelts most of the ore produced by Bolivia, which has not kept up to its quota, and Nigeria, which may not be able to. We would estimate that rather less than half its output is derived from Malaya. It does not seem an unreasonable assumption to estimate profits for the current year to be 15 per cent. higher, so that the earnings on the ordinary shares should be increased to 14½ per cent. and the dividend possibly to 9 per cent. or 10 per

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cent. At the present price of 30*s.* the £1 shares would yield 4.7 per cent. on last year's dividend and nearly 10 per cent. on estimated current earnings. But on the whole we would prefer a tin producers' investment trust to a tin smelter, in other words British Tin Investment 10*s.* shares at 23*s.* 6*d.* to Consolidated Tin Smelters £1 shares at 30*s.* There is so much more to go for in the former. The present break-up value of British Tin Investment is probably in excess of the present market price, and the yield on last year's dividend is over 4⅛ per cent. The earnings yield must be much more than double, for the market in tin shares has not begun to discount tin producers' earnings with tin selling at the high level of £300 a ton. The rise in tin may be much easier to sustain than the rise in copper, seeing that there are no new sources of supply to tap.

* * *

The case of the Imperial Smelting Corporation is another proof that the smelter's equity is not to be compared with that of the producer. The National Smelting Company, which is this company's principal subsidiary, accounts for the zinc smelting business in this country. The company has numerous sidelines and a large holding of Burma Corporation shares. Recently the smelting business has yielded no profit, while the sidelines and dividend income permitted it in the year ended June, 1936, to earn the preference dividend with a small margin. The company benefits from a rise in the price of zinc but not by a sliding scale as some imagine. The price of zinc for the twelve months ending June 30th, 1936, averaged £15 per ton; the present price is £30, but it is a mistake to suppose that earnings of the company must be at least 12½ per cent. on the ordinary shares. Earnings at this rate will not be shown in the current financial year (ending on June 30th). We may take some account of possible benefits from a raising of the rate of duty, for there seems to be indications from the recent trade agreement with Canada that an increase in the rate of duty on Canadian and foreign zinc is contemplated, but at 23*s.* 6*d.* the £1 shares of Imperial Smelting do not appear nearly so attractive to us as the lead-zinc shares we discussed last week, in particular Zinc Corporation.

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Ass. Biscuit Mfrs. Ltd.
Ass. British Picture Corp. Ltd.
Ass. Electrical Industries Ltd.
Associated Newspapers Ltd.
Ass. Portland Cement Mfrs. Ltd.
Ashanti Goldfields Corpn. Ltd.
Atlas Electric & Gen. Trust Ltd.
Austin Motor Co. Ltd.
W. & T. Avery, Ltd.
Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd.
English Sewing Cotton Co. Ltd.
Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.
Calcutta Elec. Supply Corp. Ltd.
D. Gestetner Ltd.
Goodlass Wall & Lead Ind. Ltd.
British American Tobacco Co. Ltd.
Henry Boot & Sons Ltd.
Daily Mail & General Trust Ltd.
British Columbia Power Corp.
Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd.
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Gaumont British Picture Corp. Ltd
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Burma Corp. Ltd.
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Butterley Co. Ltd.
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Carreras Ltd.
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Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.
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Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa Ltd.
Wm. Cory & Son Ltd.
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Cow & Gate Ltd.
J. Crosfield & Sons Ltd.
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Brakpan Mines Ltd.
British Plaster Board Ltd.
Crown Mines Ltd.
Currys Ltd.
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Debenhams Ltd.
Dennis Bros. Ltd.
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.
Eno Proprietaries Ltd.
Ever Ready Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Geduld Proprietary Mines Ltd.
Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds Ltd.
Government Gold Mining Areas Ltd.
Bovril Ltd.
Bolsover Colliery Co. Ltd.
Gopeng Consolidated Ltd.
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Great Western Railway Co.
J. Greenwood Millers (1934) Ltd.
Griffiths Hughes Props. Ltd.
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Sami. Hanson & Son Ltd.
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International Nickel Co. Canada. Ltd.
International Tea Co.'s Stores Ltd.
Kamunting Tin Dredging Ltd.
Johannesburg Cons. Invest. Co. Ltd.
Lake View & Star Ltd.
Lever Brothers Ltd.
Edward Lloyd Ltd.
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Metropolitan Housing Corp. Ltd.
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Malayan Tin Dredging Ltd.
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New Hucknall Collieries Ltd.
New State Areas Ltd.
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Patons & Baldwins Ltd.
Pinchin, Johnson & Co. Ltd.
Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co. Ltd.
Provincial Cinematograph Theatres Ltd.
Radiation Ltd.
Raleigh Cycle Holdings Co. Ltd.
Rand Mines Ltd.
Ranks Ltd.
Reckitt & Sons Ltd.
Robinson Deep Ltd.
Sangers Ltd.
Savoy Hotel Ltd.
Scribbans & Co. Ltd.
J. Sears & Co. (True Form Boot Co.) Ltd.
Selfridge & Co. Ltd.
Shell Transport & Trading Co. Ltd
Slazengers Ltd.
South African Breweries Ltd.
South Crofty Ltd.
Southern Railway Co.
Spillers Ltd.
Springs Mines Ltd.
Staveley Coal and Iron Co. Ltd.
Sub Nigel Ltd.
Sunday Pictorial Newspapers Ltd.
Tate & Lyle Ltd.
C. F. Taylor & Co. Ltd.
Taylor, Walker & Co. Ltd.
Richard Thomas & Co. Ltd.
Thomas Tilling Ltd.
Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee Co. Ltd.
Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd.
Union Cold Storage Co. Ltd.
Union Corp. Ltd.
United Steel Companies Ltd.
Veno Drug Co. Ltd.
Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power Co. Ltd.
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DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Gt. Possessions. W., S.
GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' Th. & Sat.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.
PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.
QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed., Mar. 17.
WESTMINSTER. Heartbreak House. W., S.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat, 2.30.
Two Extra Perfs. EASTER MONDAY, 2.30 & 8.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

CAMBRIDGE. (LAST WEEK). Tem. 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats. TUES., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. Bar 3161.
Commencing THURSDAY, Mar. 18, at 8.15.
MATS., WEDS., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
THE VAGABOND KING
MARIA ELSNER, HARRY WELCHMAN. GEORGE GRAVES.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
Extra Mats. EASTER SAT. & MON., 2.30.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0 Sharp. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
GREAT POSSESSIONS,
by William Douglas Home.
Geoffrey Keen, Hubert Gregg, Jane Welsh.

GARRICK. OVER 225 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.).
8.30 (Ex. Mons.). Mats., Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.
Two Extra Perfs. EASTER MONDAY, 2.30 & 8.30.
THE TWO BOUQUETS.
"LOVELIEST PLAY IN LONDON."—*S. Dispatch.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.30.
Mats., WED., SAT. and EASTER MON., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S
"CANDIDA."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. EVENINGS, 8.15.
Thurs. & Sats. at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS."
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA.
A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

MERCURY. Park 5700. 8.30 (ex. Mon.), F., S., 2.30.
THE ASCENT OF F.6.
by W. H. Auden & Christopher Isherwood. Produced by Rupert Doone. "Incandescent Imagination."—*D. Mail.*

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PROGRAMME 1937

April 4. ANGELICA by Leo Ferrero

A satirical phantasy drama which beneath a delicately humorous exterior makes a mordant comment on human nature in its eternal quest for liberty. The Orlando and Angelica of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" and the Masks of the Commedia dell' Arte symbolise the forces which make men aspire to freedom and those which make its true attainment unlikely even to-day. The humbug of Fascist dictatorship exploded once and for all.

May 2. THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS by August Strindberg

The most remarkable of Strindberg's dramatic achievements, translated for the first time into English, this is the first Expressionistic play. Its powerful and painful autobiographical elements derive from the author's experiences in his second and third marriages. The first part of this Trilogy which structurally resembles Dante's "Divine Comedy," is the drama of a man at odds with the world eventually finding redemption through a woman's love.

May 30. TSAR LENIN by François Porché

A dramatic portrait faithfully reproducing the essential elements in the life of the great Russian revolutionary from his early days in Paris to his death. Especially interesting in view of the recent Moscow trials and the executions of Kameneff and Zinovieff on which the play throws a new light.

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NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. Gerrard 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED., SAT. at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
RETREAT FROM FOLLY

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
SUSPECT,
by Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evenings, 8.30.
First Mat., Wed., Mar. 17th, 2.30.
THE SQUEAKER
by EDGAR WALLACE.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HEARTBREAK HOUSE,
by BERNARD SHAW.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking.)
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. (Tem. 3028, 3029.)
Evgs., 8.30. WED., SAT. & EASTER MON., 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
PAULA WESSELY in
Her Greatest Dramatic Triumph,
"ERNTE" (Harvest).
"DIE JULIKA" (U).

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MONDAY, 15th MARCH, for SEVEN DAYS,
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FEAR (A). Based on the novel by Stefan Zweig.
Also **THE MARCH OF TIME.**

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings, 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Winter Sunshine. By G. A. Thomas.

HULL **Little.**
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Tonight at 8.30 (2nd Series)
By Noel Coward.

LIVERPOOL **Playhouse.**
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
The Brontës. By Alfred Sangster.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evgs., 7.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Accent on Youth. By Samson Raphaelson.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

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THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

DANCE

THE LONDON Student Peace Committee. Dance, March 19th, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. 8 till 12. Tickets 1s. 6d. at door. Licensed till 12.

"SMALLS"

The Classified Advertisement Columns of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION present to readers quite the cheapest method of announcing meetings, letting flats, selling anything or making known their wants. The rates run from 1s. 6d. per line to 1s. 2d. per line per insertion, depending on the number of insertions ordered. Instructions should be received not later than first post Wednesday morning; but readers will help greatly by sending their copy as early in the week as possible.

The Advertisement Manager,
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
HOLBORN 3216

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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Now that "the winter of our discontent" is passing, hasten its departure and anticipate the joys of spring and summer by planning a visit to Sea Meads.

In this privately owned hamlet you will find *escape* from the fret and turmoil of these noise-laden days, *delight* in the unsophisticated but delicious pursuits of Cornish sea-side life, and great *contentment* not only in the beauty of your surroundings but in the excellence of an organisation which does most truly give the weary town-dweller rest and refreshment by the way.

Write SECRETARY, Sea Meads, Prah Sands, Cornwall, for the "Book of Sea Meads," price 9d.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Vegetarian Guest House in beautiful situation. All principal rooms face South. Progressive atmosphere. MRS. WYNNE, Deepdene, Shanklin. Tel. 254.

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JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

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BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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SANDERSTEAD. For sale, semi-detached modern freehold, 2 sitting 4 bedrooms, 2 w.c., bathroom, electric light, partial central heating. Quiet and open position, 4 mins. two stations and shops; 3 golf courses within a mile, £850. Weeks, 1 Edgar Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.

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OLD Thatched Cottage in Hertfordshire, 31 m. London, to let furnd. Short or long period. All electric, 3 bed., 2 recep., kit. and bath., garage. Apply RICHARDSON, 133 Ebury St., SLO 4674.

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CHELSEA HOUSE TO LET, furnd. (ROYAL AVE.), 5 bedrooms, 3 recep., kit., bath, cent. heat., c.h.w., 5½ *gns.*, long let preferred. MABEL LETHBRIDGE, 33a Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. FLA. 5645.

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A GOOD double room at 62 Torrington Square, W.C.1, seating 50 people. Suitable for meetings. Could be let to Society or Club for half week at moderate rent. Apply Primrose 5303 between 10–11 a.m.

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STUDIOS WANTED, CHELSEA, HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD. WRITE, CALL OR 'PHONE MABEL LETHBRIDGE, 33a CHEYNE WALK, S.W.3. FLAXMAN 3574–5

BLOOMSBURY, quiet square, one large unfd. room £52 p.a., with adjg. small room £75; c.h.w. MUS. 7242.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 14th, at 11, MR. F. S. GRIMWOOD: "PSYCHO-THERAPY AND DIVINE GRACE." 6.30, PROF. GINSBERG: COMTE MEMORIAL LECTURE: "THE ETHICS OF COMTE."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, March 14th, at 11 a.m.: W. B. CURRY, M.A., B.Sc.: "THE PEACE PLEDGE." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

MONDAY, March 15. Lecture in Essex Hall, Strand, 6.15 p.m. "THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF THE UNITED STATES," HUGH QUIGLEY. 1s. NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

SIR BERNARD PARES is Chairman to MRS. BEATRICE KING'S lecture 'YOUTH IN THE FAMILY AND IN SOCIETY IN SOVIET RUSSIA," to be held at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Friday, March 19th, at 8 p.m. Tickets, price 2s. 6d. or 1s., from WEST CENTRAL F.S.U., 12 Torrington Square, W.C.1.

FRIDAY, March 19th, Suffolk Galleries, Haymarket. DANCE FOR PEACE! 8 till 1. Licensed Bar. Tickets, 2s. 6d. (at door). London Federation of Peace Councils.

POPULAR Front debated. David Keir *v.* F. Grainger (S.P.G.B.), Sun., 7.30. A. E. W. Hall, 39 Doughty Street, W.C. Free.

WEDNESDAY, March 17th, at 8.15 p.m. A.I.A. Lecture by ANTHONY BLUNT, "THE PROBLEM OF REALISM." With lantern. Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS. Lecture and Reception for Alexei Tolstoi, Royal Society of Arts, John St., Adelphi, W.C.2. Tuesday, March 16th, 8.15 p.m. Chairman: SEAN O'CASEY.

THE London Vegetarian Society's Arnold F. Hills Memorial Lecture will be delivered by DUGALD SEMPLE, ESQ., at Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1, on Friday, March 19th, at 8.30 p.m. Subject: "FOOD, HEALTH AND THE LAND." The President of the Society, Bertrand P. Allinson, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in the Chair. All are invited. Admission free.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. Sunday, March 14th, 11.30, SIR SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., D.Litt.: "THE MEANING OF RELIGION."

PROFESSOR RUGGLES GATES will speak on "HEREDITY IN MAN" (Lantern Lecture), at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, March 16th, at 7 p.m. Admission Free.

MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE. DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Friday, March 19th, at 8 p.m. at the Caxton Hall, on "METHODS OF MEDITATION." Free.

EILEEN BURGESS (pianoforte) plays at Proms Circle Sat., March 20th, 8 p.m. Metropolitan Academy of Music, 72 Marylebone High Street. Discussion, refreshments. 2s.

DEBATE on Socialism and War. Capt. Mumford *v.* R. Robertus (S.P.G.B.), Mon., 8.30. 39 Doughty Street, W.C. Free.

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY LEAGUE. Lecture Discussion, "THE WRITER, THE PRINTER AND THE GUILD." Speaker: J. H. HARLEY, M.A., Ex-Chairman, N.U.J. Chairman, SYDNEY WYNNE, Tuesday, March 16th, 8.15 p.m., Lower Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand.

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS. PROFESSOR LANCELOT HOGBEN, F.R.F., on "THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE," in Large Chemistry Theatre, University College, W.C.1, on Wed., March 17th at 8 p.m. Chairman: Dr. J. D. BERNAL. Tickets, 1s. at door.

LECTURE/SOCIAL every Monday at 8. March 15th: "ARE SCIENTIFIC THEORIES TRUE?" by P. DIENES. Youth House Club, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. GUL 5189.

INDIVIDUAL METHODS IN EDUCATION. Lectures, Mon., Thurs., 7.30. Lyndale School, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. PRI 6466.

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. R. H. U. BLOOR, B.A. Subject: "PEACE AND HER VICTORIES."

POSTAL TUITION

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 776 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees nd particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONGRESS of PEACE and FRIENDSHIP with the U.S.S.R.

SATURDAY & SUNDAY MARCH 13 & 14

at Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.

Credential Cards and a limited number of Visitors' tickets (2/6) on application to the Congress Office.

SATURDAY 10:30 a.m. **THE NEW SOVIET CONSTITUTION**

Chairman: Robert Boothby, M.P.
Speakers: Dingle Foot, M.P.
D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P.

2.30 p.m. **THE PEACE POLICY OF THE SOVIET UNION**

Chairman: Vyvyan Adams, M.P.
Speakers: Sir Norman Angell (Health permitting).
Geoffrey Mander, M.P.
The Duchess of Atholl, M.P.

7.30 p.m. **CULTURAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THE U.S.S.R.**

Chairman: Lord Allen of Hurtwood.
Speakers: Professor W. G. Constable.
The Very Rev. The Dean of Canterbury.
Sir Bernard Pares.
Hubert Griffith.
Dr. G. M. Vevers.
A Public Schoolboy.

SUNDAY 11 a.m. **SOVIET PLANNING**

Chairman: Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.
Speakers: G. D. H. Cole.
Alderman J. Reeves.
John Strachey.

and at

THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE

Chairman: The Earl of Listowel.
Speaker: Alexei Tolstoy.

5.30 & 8.30 **Premier Presentation of Russian Films:**

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Tickets: **2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 7/6 (Cash with order)**

Apply:— **CONGRESS OFFICE, 4, GT. JAMES STREET, W.C.1 (HOL. 4609)** ***or at door.***

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Council of Armstrong College invite applications for the post of Lecturer in Classics. Salary £400 to £450 according to qualifications. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom twelve copies of applications and twelve copies of not more than three testimonials should be lodged not later than 12th April, 1937.

W. S. ANGUS,
Registrar,
Armstrong College,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Applications are invited for the post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies. Minimum stipend £600 per annum. Duties to commence September 29th, 1937. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than April 20th, 1937.

EXPERIENCED Author and Editor seeks part or whole-time work, publishing, sub-editing, secretarial or literary. Progressive views. Accustomed to lecturing and speaking. Exceptional references. Box 638, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN, high school and university education, nine years experience journalistic and secretarial work, desires part-time post—afternoons or evenings preferred. Box 624, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED for small progressive school in Surrey, two ladies to help with domestic work. New building, modern equipment. Apply box 623, N.S & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LONDON M.A. (English), woman, 27, seeks interesting post, research, registrar, secretarial, organising experience. Travelled. Knowledge of Art. Shorthand, Typing, Languages. Box 631, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GROUP Theatre requires Secretary. Duties arduous and honorary; small expense fee. Scope for initiative. Apply GROUP THEATRE ROOMS, 9 Great Newport Street, W.C.2.

KEEN Socialist, 19, public school education, seeks secretarial or similar post in political movement. Typing, public speaking, etc. Claims, above all, versatility, individuality and initiative. Box 627, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EXAMINATIONS

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

The entry for the Indian Civil Service closes this year on the 10th April. The recruitment of Europeans will be partly by selection and partly by written competitive examination. A candidate is at liberty to apply for appointment by both methods, but a separate form must be used for each. Forms may be obtained from the Services Department at the India Office or from the Appointments Boards of Universities in the British Isles. The age limits are 21 to 24 on the 1st August. Candidates for appointment by selection without written examination must have taken a good Honours Degree, but those who are sitting for their Final Honours Schools this year may be admitted provisionally. Full particulars can be had by applying to the Services Department at the India Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

India Office, March, 1937.

THE SOCIETY OF INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS' AND AUDITORS' EXAMINATIONS.

The next Examinations will be held in London, Manchester, Cardiff and Leeds as follows:—

Preliminary Examination, May 3rd and 4th, 1937.
Intermediate Examination, May 5th and 6th, 1937.
Final Examination, May 4th, 5th and 6th, 1937.

Applications on the appropriate forms must be lodged on or before March 31st, 1937, with the undersigned.

A. A. GARRETT,
Secretary.
Incorporated Accountants' Hall,
Victoria Embankment,
London, W.C.2.

PERSONAL

CRUISE to GREECE and the AEGEAN ISLANDS. ATHENS, Delphi, CRETE, Samos, COS, Rhodes, CYPRUS and PAESTUM. S.S. *Cairo City*, 9,600 tons, April 3rd–26th, from 27 *gns.* incl. London return. Few vacancies left. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

CULTURED German couple living Dresden wish to arrange exchange holidays with English family in England 2-3 weeks, preferably early summer. Box 626, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ON Quantock Hills, Somerset, facing due South; one guest received by trained nurse. Apply Coombe Cottage, Plainsfield, Bridgwater.

GRATEFUL boarder recommends homely and sociable accomm. for young bachelor in Bloomsbury cottage. 'Phone TER 6894. Sun. 11–4, evenings after 8 p.m.

LADY desires intelligent, educated woman under 40 to share charming cottage, Sussex. Car or licence desirable. Expenses very low. Box 620, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT and/or sensitive person wanted share Chelsea basement flat. Young business man writer. Box 630, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CLIMBING holiday in the Lake District, April 20th–27th. One or two companions (either sex) wanted to join party of four in cottage. Box 635, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KEEN man interested help start small Vegetarian Health Food Store, attractive position, Bucks. Except. low overhead expense, capital unnecessary. Write Box 629, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG German girl, good English, seeks early *au pair* arrangement 6–12 months, view language study. Intelligent, pleasant companion. Box 628, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ROOM for another bachelor in young bachelor's well and reasonably run garden flat. N.W.3. Box No. 637, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Members for small play-reading society. Meets afternoons fortnightly, West London. Apply Box 633, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6, Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

PLEASE come early for Easter portraits, as I shall be busy working for my Exhibition in April. ANTHONY PANTING, WEL fortynine fifty.

GRADUATE (married) desires resident pupil for Easter Holidays. Experienced backward children. Chambers, East Hoathley, Sussex.

W.1. BRIDGE CIRCLE, 1*d.* stakes. Thurs., Sats., practice class Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

TUITION

LADY, B.Sc. London, experienced public school teacher, coaches boys and girls in Mathematics for School Certificate and pre-professional examinations. Box 634, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVICE given, free of charge, on SCHOOLS: also on trainings for Secretarial, Domestic Science and other professions.

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